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The Spectre Caravan.

FROM THE GERMAN BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

'Twas at midnight, in the Desert, where we rested on the ground ;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds were stretched around ;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the mountains of the Nile,
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitaun and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold !—a sudden sandquake—and atween the earth and moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon :
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man,
And the cry was, " *Allah Akbar !*—'tis the Spectre Caravan !"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore ;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers in their hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as the sands !

More and more ! the phantom-pageant overshadowed all the plains,
Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel trains ;
And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs,
Here, afoot as Hadjee pilgrims—there, as warriors on their barbs !

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had sought and found
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more and more for ever !—still they swept in pomp along,
Till I asked me, Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-throng ?
Lo ! the Dead are here in myriads ; the whole world of Hades waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babel-mandel Straits !

Then I spake, " Our steeds are frantic : to your saddles every one !
Never quail before these Shadows ! You are children of the Sun !
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry *Bismillah !*—and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

" Courage, comrades ! Even now the moon is waning far a-west,
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies in gold and crimson vest,
And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor-winds of Morn !"

THE ORPHAN TWINS OF BEAUCE.

A TRUE TALE OF FRANCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

" And where on earth are these precious baths to be had ?" asked the cripple with eager interest.

" At a place called Boulogne, on the British channel, some two hundred and fifty miles from hence."

" Two hundred and fifty miles ! If I must go so far to be cured, I am pretty sure of remaining ill to my dying day."

" Try and get conveyed there, my good fellow," said the kindly veteran, " and I'll be answerable for your entire recovery."

" What ; to get back my poor legs and return to my trade, and be able to gain my own bread, and help my sister ? No, no !—such happiness is not for me !" exclaimed the desponding lad.

" And why not ? If I was radically cured at fifty, why should you, at five-and-twenty, give way to despair ?"

" But you don't consider the impossibility of my going in any sort of carriage—even the smoothest voiture—when I faint dead away, or go into fits, at the slightest jolt. No, no—it is the will of God that I should remain a cripple to my life's end, and I only pray He may be pleased to shorten it for my own sake and that of others."

During this conversation Genevieve was an attentive listener ; and had the speakers been less engrossed they must have read on her countenance the lines of deep determination. She took aside the old soldier, to obtain from him the minutest particulars about the wonder-working baths, their proper season and precise distance, and the easiest and least expensive route by which they might be reached; and no sooner was her plan matured than she hastened to put it in execution.

On the 3d of June, the birthday of the twins, they had from childhood never missed making together a pious pilgrimage to a little chapel dedicated to St. Genevieve, a league from where they lived, on the road to Tours ; which, lined on each side with trees, resembled at this early summer season the shady alleys of a park. It required all the poor girl's persuasions to induce, overnight, her brother to fulfil the never-before omitted vow. The idea of allowing her to drag him three long miles in sultry weather, was one which he could not for a long time be brought to entertain ; but the mingled voice of piety and sisterly affection at length prevailed, and the sight of the paraphernalia destined to mitigate the fatigues of a far longer pilgrimage, tended to reconcile Maurice to the brief one which he had alone in contemplation.

It was not without such precautions as her simple wisdom could suggest, that the most rational of heroines embarked on the wildest of expeditions. A well-stuffed leathern strap from the village saddler was provided, to obviate the effects of continued friction on the but half-inured frame of so novel a draught animal. A change of light, easy shoes replaced the clumsy *sabot* of the country—a gleaner's ample straw hat served to ward off the scorching rays of the sun—and furnished with these, the pious pilgrim, at the first peep of dawn, awoke her still sleeping brother, who, on observing that, though attired in his own Sunday suit, his sister was still in her ordinary apparel, was assured that a bundle, the appearance of which might have otherwise told tales, contained her holiday attire, to be assumed on arriving at their destination. The excited feelings with which, after bending the knee in fervent prayers to Heaven, Genevieve harnessed herself on the present occasion, found vent in the speed with which she crossed the fields leading to the public road ; and when Maurice exclaimed,

" Not so fast ! not so fast ! you'll be out of breath ere the journey is half over !" there was more than met the ear in the light-hearted answer :

" True, brother, dear ! I was forgetting that we have some way to go."

Suiting her pace to the words, and looking ever round, to inquire if her brother felt the least inconvenience, the twins arrived about 7 o'clock at the chapel, Maurice nowise fatigued, and Genevieve, heated and tired as she was, but too happy to find herself thus far on the road. Having drawn her brother's vehicle under the porch of the little rustic shrine, and listened devoutly to the matin service performed by a grey-headed chaplain, Maurice observed his sister to remain prostrate, engaged in praying with extraordinary fervor, while big tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

" How strangely moved you are, sister," said he anxiously ; " surely you have something more than usual on your mind !"

" Why should I conceal it longer from you, brother ?" was the answer. " I have, I think, discovered the means for your cure."

" And how do you intend to effect this desirable object ?"

" By sea-bathing ; and I shall draw you myself to the sea-baths, two hundred and fifty miles off !"

" You never can have strength to do it."

" And why not ? what is there one cannot do for one's own twin brother ?"

" But where is the money to come from for such a journey ?"

" Oh, I've got in an old glove round my neck five gold pieces saved out of my wages, more than enough to carry us to our journey's end."

Ay, but then the getting back again "

" By that time, please God, you'll be walking by my side, and that will shorten the way and He will provide for us. Don't you remember the words He put into the good cure's mouth, ' Be of good cheer, God approves and protects you !"

" Well, sister, I commit myself to His hands and yours. Fulfil His commission, for such it surely is, since you are not daunted by the length of the way."

" Not in the least."

" Or the numberless difficulties you must meet with."

" We'll get over them."

" Or the dreadful fatigue, perhaps beyond your strength ?"

" Have I not done a league in less than two hours, and am quite fresh to begin again ?"

" Ah ! but when you come to have to climb hills !"

" Well, 'tis only taking longer time."

" They will keep us back so ; perhaps a whole month on the road."

" Yes, at the very least ; 'tis time we were off."

" And you really wish it ?"

" Do I not ?" Both hearts were full, and a long embrace gave vent to feelings unutterable in words.

Fain would we follow, in its interesting details, the itinerary (unexampled, perhaps, in the world's history) of the twin travellers, from the very centre of France to one of its farthest extremities ; but a few only of its leading incidents must suffice to give an idea of the whole.

Along the planted sides of the great high roads and the level plains, their progress, though slow, was steady; halting for the heat of the day under the trees at the entrance of some hamlet, which afforded the needful supplies ; whilst at nightfall the humblest decent shelter their slender means could command, was sought and generally obtained. To avoid large paved villages, and yet more formidable populous towns, was often a tax on the maiden's ingenuity ; yet never, save once (at Etampes) was she compelled—by the impossibility of elsewhere crossing two intersecting streams—to consign to strangers' hands her precious charge, and have her brother carried on a hand-barrow from one end to the other of the town.

From hence her forward path was beset with new and unforeseen obstacles. The whole route to Paris abounds in steep hills, up which the strongest horses find difficulty in dragging their customary loads. No wonder, then, if Genevieve well nigh sunk under her's. Her feet had become so blistered that she was forced to leave off shoes, and being constantly obliged to stop and take breath, she made but little headway ; yet, after every such halt, the agony of her brother in witnessing her distress, would make her resume her task with a cheerful smile.

It was not till after twelve days' weary march, during which she had to climb the hills of Arpajou, Long Jumeau, and Bourg la Reine, that they arrived at the village of petit Mont Rouge, near Paris, where they found in the hostess, the widow of an artillery officer killed at Waterloo, an almost maternal friend. The good woman burst into tears on witnessing one of her own sex so dutifully, yet painfully employed—lavished on both travellers the kindest attentions—procured for poor Genevieve (whose chest the strap had begun cruelly to lacerate) a new and more comfortable one—and insisted on her taking a few day's rest; while the misgivings of her brother regarding a delay—the cause of which was carefully concealed from him—were obviated by the kind landlady's positive refusal to make the slightest inroad on their slender stock of coin. On parting she embraced, with mingled admiration and regard, the recruited wayfarer, and assured her of the ultimate success of her enterprize, which could only, she said, have been dictated by express suggestion from on high.

Cheered by this friendly farewell, Genevieve once more donned her harness—avoided, as directed, the city of Paris, by keeping the line of the boulevard and Camp de Mars —crossed the Seine in a boat, and, late at night, arrived at St. Denis, where a less hospitable reception, alas ! awaited the poor travellers. A party of gay young sporting men from town, dining in the hotel, chose to consider Genevieve as an adventuress, and her brother as an imposter, and to insult them accordingly ; and while the innocent girl, choking with indignant surprise, was equally unwilling and unable to reply, Maurice, writhing on his seat from inability to chastise such insolence, exclaimed :

" Miscreants that you are ! the best proof that I am a cripple is my not having the power to punish you as you deserve."

This burst of honest feeling only provoked fresh insults from the giddy crew, to escape from whom Genevieve, in spite of her fatigue, insisted on removing her dear invalid from the inhospitable shelter of the inn to one beneath the canopy of heaven, where the tired girl laid herself down at her brother's feet, her head resting on his knees, and their hands twined together like the branches of the old plane tree above ; and the fine serene midsummer night was passed by both in peace and safety.

The only other untoward incident which marked the remaining journey, was a thunder storm in the forest of L'Isle Adam, which brought back on the poor sufferer, from a similar visitation, a return of his frightful convulsion fits. During its continuance, the poor girl—holding her brother's head on her bosom, her hand fast held over his eyes to shield them from the lightning, sheltering him from the rain, as best she might, with her own body—put up the most piteous prayers to heaven that she might thus far have led him only to fall a victim to a second catastrophe—adding the natural, and in her case almost pardonable wish, that if the blow were again to fall, it might in death unite them !

Her fears were not happily realized ; the storm passed off, leaving the wayfarers unscathed. A three days' fever, however, occasioned by alarm, and neglect of her own wet garments, detained them at their evening's quarters ; and Beauvais, the half-way house of their arduous journey, lay yet a good way beyond.

It was reached at last after twenty-two days' march, during which three of the five gold pieces so carefully husbanded had melted away. Fresh courage and economy then became necessary, to save the high-minded twins from the humiliation of asking alms ; and volumes might be written on the hardships, and difficulties, and privations, of the remaining half of the pilgrimage, till, weary, way-worn, yet never for a moment relinquishing her high vocation, Genevieve caught sight, on the morning of the forty-second day, of the goal of her long-cherished hopes—the steeple of Boulogne. Her sensations on beholding it mock description. Maurice, though little less delighted at an event which seemed to him scarce short of a miracle, would have urged on his sister a halt ; but, then, to pause within reach of her object was impossible, and with quickened step she gained the gates of the town. Her first inquiry was how to reach the baths, and the way by which she was directed to them lay along the shore; when the grand and novel spectacle of the gently undulating ocean recalled to the twins the

wide-waving corn-fields of their native country.

Beneath the shade of an overhanging rock they encountered a group of elegant ladies of different nations, awaiting the proper time of tide for repairing to the baths. All gazed with interest on the cripple and his conductress; and when, in answer to their inquiries from what village in the neighborhood the kind girl was bringing him, he took her by the hand, and, with the eloquence of gratitude, told whence they came, and what she had done for him, the farm-girl of Artenay appeared in their eyes as an angel come down from heaven, whom they felt half tempted to worship, and whom they carried in triumph, sounding her praises to all they met, to the bathing establishment.

Its worthy proprietor received the orphans with all his native goodness of heart, thanked heaven that they were thrown upon his benevolence, and immediately entered on its active exercise, by consigning Maurice, with as many recommendations as if he had been a sovereign prince, to the skill and attention of two of his most experienced bathing-men.

The twins were established in commodious lodgings, and loaded by the awakened interest of the bathers with everything necessary for their comfort. After ten or twelve dips, a degree of irritability began to be felt in the feet of the patient, which quickly ascending to the knees, called forth the doctor's most favorable prognostics. And how did the heart of Genevieve leap responsive to the happy omen! how thankful did she feel for her own courage and perseverance! And how did her fond brother pour out to her his mingled joy and gratitude, when, by degrees, he could move this or that portion of his crippled limbs, and at length—happy day for both!—was able to mount, like his friend the old soldier, a couple of crutches. His first use of them, it may be believed, was towards his sister; and never did mother more fondly hail the tottering efforts of her first-born, than Genevieve, receding playfully to lure him on, and crying, "Courage, brother! a few steps more!" received him at length in her outstretched arms, mingling tears and caresses with fresh thanksgivings for so blissful a consummation.

We must hasten to the conclusion of a tale, the winding up of which was alike honorable to all concerned. The patient soon became able, at first with a crutch, and then with the sister's arm (which she was not sorry to think could not quite be dispensed with), to extend his walks through the streets of Boulogne. The pair found themselves the objects of respectful interest to the whole town. The little children would point and whisper, "There go the twins of Beauce!" and for the little purchase they would have made with a trifle borrowed for their immediate wants at the baths, not a shopkeeper in the place would receive a farthing.

But when, September being past, and the season for sea-bathing over, and the cure of Maurice so wonderfully completed, that he talked of taking the journey on foot, the orphans began to think of returning homeward, and for that purpose modestly requested the worthy bath-keeper to advance them a small sum, to be faithfully repaid out of their very first earnings, they were little aware of the surprise prepared for them by those whose interest they had so justly awakened.

The day before that fixed on for their departure, a deputation from the youth of every rank in Boulogne waited on Genevieve Asselin, inviting her to receive on the morrow, at a civic feast, the tribute so richly earned by her sisterly devotion. The poor girl thought it a dream when thus summoned to enjoy honors reserved in her simple ideas for persons of rank alone; and could scarce comprehend, when assured that it was the very obscurity of her station which enhanced her merit, and made her worthy of being thus honored.

Next day six young ladies came in two carriages to conduct the twins to the spot called Tivoli, in the upper town, where preparations had been made for a fete in commemoration of the purest and most persevering virtue. There the simple, timid girl of Beauce, in the garb she had brought from her native village, was crowned with white roses, and at the end of the banquet presented by the spokeswoman of the young women of Boulogne with a purse containing fifty gold pieces, as a willing contribution from sisters of her own sex, justly proud of one who had reflected upon it such unfading lustre.

How the unconscious heroine blushed and resisted; how the sum—one she had never so much as dreamed of possessing—was forced upon her; how she honorably flew to discharge with it her debt at the baths, but, thanks to their owner's liberality, brought it undiminished away, may be left to the reader's fancy. He may be pleased, however, to learn that, by the physician's advice, Maurice exchanged his intended walk home for an inside seat beside his sister in the diligence, on the top of which he insisted on fastening his beloved wagon; that a few days were spent in seeing the lions of Paris, which they had once so painfully circumnavigated, and in visiting the kind hostess of Mont Rouge, who had acted towards them the Samaritan's part; and that, availing themselves of a return vehicle for Orleans, they reached it late on a Saturday night.

About the hour of ten next morning (after a passing visit to the shrine of the patron saint of Paris and of the humble maid of Artenay), just as its inhabitants were pouring to the house of prayer, Maurice appeared, now drawing, in his turn, up the street leading to the church, his blushing sister, half smothered with the flowers showered upon her by the whole closely-following population of her native village.

The good priest, apprised of their happy return, caused the brother to lead his sister to the foot of the altar, and founding on this living text a most affecting exhortation to Christian charity and fraternal love, and again blessing the maid he held out as a pattern to all around, alluded, in a voice faltering with emotion, to his former words of encouragement, asking, "Said I not truly, daughter, that the God who approved would protect you!"

MONSIEUR DURANCE.

THE MAN OF THE TWO ADVENTURES.

Being destined early for a mercantile profession, I was sent, when a youth of fifteen or sixteen, to Bourdeaux, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for my proposed pursuits, in the counting-house of one of the first establishments in that ancient city. The head of this firm, which was an extremely wealthy one, was M. Durance, a gentleman who, from an old friendship for my father, took me into his own house, and was most parentally kind to me. M. Durance was well up in years, round and ruddy in aspect, social in his habits, and possessed one of the very best of hearts. He had one foible, however, which made the good soul almost intolerable to all mankind. Notwithstanding the great extent of the business he had conducted, he had sel dom been out of Bordeaux. He had only once been at Paris; but that once was enough. On that occasion he had met with *two adventures*. Oh! those two adventures! Tongue cannot tell, nor brain conceive, the delight which the worthy man took in narrating these incidents. His friends were kept thereby in a state of perpetual alarm. They never heard the words "Did you ever hear me tell"—or even, "Did you ever"—come from M. Durance's lips, without a shudder, and an instant retreat, if possible. "Did you" itself was enough to bring out a cool perspiration. For if the good old merchant once began, pause or rest was out of the question for the succeeding couple of hours. How often have I been compelled, after dinner, to listen to these two eternal adventures! It was not that they were uninteresting in themselves. On the contrary, they were of a very remarkable order, and still more remarkable as having occurred at one and the same time. But who can listen even to a good thing for ever! Nevertheless, as it is not likely the reader can ever have suffered from M. Durance's perpetuities, we shall repeat them once more, with a little more brevity than it was the honest man's practice to employ.

M. Durance had occasion to go to Paris upon business. He had a carriage or chariot in which he proposed to travel, but at the time when he found it convenient to set out, this vehicle required a slight repair, and the merchant, then comparatively young and active, thought it better to ride slowly forward on horseback for a couple of stages, leaving his servant to bring the carriage after him. M. Durance thus hoped to enjoy, for some part of the way, a more leisurely view of the country, which he had scarcely ever seen beyond a few miles' distance from his own house. Accordingly, after giving full instructions to his servant, M. Durance set out, respectably mounted, and well armed, for he carried a large sum in bills and money. To do him justice, he had a stout spirit, and a fair share of courage; yet not much of either was required to travel alone at that period, owing to the admirable degree of efficiency into which the famous Fouche had brought the police of the country.

M. Durance's first day's travel was unproductive of any wonderful event. He stopt before nightfall at a village inn, rested comfortably, and next morning pursued his route. While riding slowly along the border of a large wood, in the forenoon of the second day, he observed a party of men, also on horseback, a short way before him. He continued his course, and they did the same; but the merchant was uncomfortably surprised in the end to observe them frequently turning round, one after another, apparently to look at him. M. Durance thought of his pistols, and began to be very uneasy. The road now struck into the wood already mentioned, and when in the middle of it, poor Durance was shocked to see the men halt, and turn round to observe him, as if simultaneously. The merchant was at this time but a short distance from them, and could not help drawing up his horse also for a moment. While he was in this situation, one of the men, after an apparent consultation with the others, left them, and advanced to our friend.

"Now is the time," thought Durance; "here comes the demand for my purse! What is to done!" And the worthy soul's heart sank within him, as he thought of the heavy sum which he bore.

When the man came up, however, there was no demand of this kind made. The stranger's first words to Durance were, "What is your purpose here?" The merchant hesitated, and at length stammered out, "I am come—upon an honest errand, I hope—like yourselves." "Ah, I thought so," replied the stranger. Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, what will you take to go away? Will you take one hundred louis?" Mystified thoroughly, Durance, almost by accident, bolted out a "No!" The man again spoke and said, "I cannot offer you more without speaking to my companions." With which words he turned away, and rejoined his band.

M. Durance never was so much puzzled in his life, but his spirits rose as he saw no intention on the part of the men to injure him, and he waited quietly till the stranger's return. That personage was not long away, and when he returned to the merchant, a bag of money was in his hand. This bag he held out to Durance, saying, "We have come to the resolution of just offering you three hundred louis at once—here they are—if you chose to go away. Now, do take them," continued he; "upon my word we cannot offer more." Durance sat more bewildered than ever, and was about to speak, when the bag was thrust into his hand by the stranger, who at the same time said, "Now, do take it, without another word. It will be as well for you, perhaps, as you are alone; and I can tell you there are some determined fellows yonder, who would think nothing to drive you off. But I was for a compromise, and, upon my honor, we cannot give more," With this the man turned to move away. Part of his last speech had made a wonderful impression on Durance, who, though utterly unable to tell the meaning of all this, thought it wise to pocket the bag, and ride onwards. He did so, and soon lost sight of the strangely liberal party he had met.

M. Durance continued his route peacefully, till nightfall, pondering all the way on what had passed, yet incapable of coming to any conclusion on the subject. On reaching the village where he proposed to rest all night, he was joined by his servant, Joseph Demaray, with the chariot, and on the ensuing day they pursued their journey in this vehicle. Nothing of interest occurred throughout their future progress, until they reached the very gates of Paris. But just as the vehicle was passing the barrier, a gentlemanly looking person came up to the carriage side, and thus addressed M. Durance: "Sir, you will have the goodness to go with me." "What!" said the merchant, "whither must I go? and why?" In a low tone of voice, and with the utmost civility, the gentleman replied, "You will permit me to have the honor, sir, of conducting you to M. Fouche." "M. Fouche!" ejaculated M. Durance, in no small alarm at the thought of what the famous head of the police could want with him; "I have committed no offence, I have broken no law, and I cannot understand why I should be sent for by"——. The stranger cut short this speech by saying, "I have been waiting for some time upon you, sir, being instructed that you would arrive in a carriage like this; and your person, portmanteau, and everything about you, answer the description given to me. I cannot, therefore be mistaken in the party, and you will have the goodness to attend me to M. Fouche, who will himself explain his business with you, which is more than I can do." There was no resisting this peremptory civil request. By the stranger's directions, M. Durance sent for his servant to the hotel where he proposed to lodge, and, seeing no alternative, followed the messenger to the office of the head of police.

M. Fouche received our hero with the utmost politeness, and after requesting him to be seated, entered immediately on a detail of certain matters, which made the eyes of M. Durance grow as round as full moons, and led the good man to the conclusion that Fouche and the gentleman in black were things synonymous.

"You are M. Durance of Bourdeaux, the head of the extensive mercantile house that bears your name; you have in your portmanteau the sum of —— (naming the exact sum) in specie, and the sum of —— in bills; you are about to reside at the hotel B——, near the Boulevards; and it is your custom to retire to rest about eleven o'clock."

These are but a few of the particulars regarding M. Durance's situation, purposes and habits, which the polite functionary seemed to be aware of. The merchant sat in mute astonishment.

M. Fouche evidently enjoyed his visitor's wonder, and before any reply could be made, the police functionary continued in these rather startling words:

"Sir, are you a man of courage?"

We have mentioned already that M. Durance had a good deal of spirit about him, and he was roused to make the reply, "that no one had ever doubted his courage, and he begged to know the cause of the question."

"Sir," answered M. Fouche, "you are to be robbed and murdered this night."

"Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed the thunderstruck merchant. "Gracious heaven! can this be true?"

"It is true," returned M. Fouche, "You have seen how much of the truth, relative to your affairs, I am acquainted with, and this also is the truth. My reason for putting a question to you affecting your courage, is this. If you have enough of that quality, you will go to your room, and retire to rest at the usual hour, placing your portmanteau, as usual, by your bedside, and betraying no suspicion to those around you. Only take care not to fall asleep—and leave the rest to me. Have you the resolution to do this?"

M. Durance meditated a little, as was not unnatural, before giving an answer, on which the head of the police addressed him again.

"If you do not feel inclined to go through with this affair, I will procure one to personate you. This would render the affair more difficult, and its success less certain, but it might be done."

"No, no," exclaimed our friend, "I will do it myself. I will act precisely as you direct, leaving my life in your hands."

"You may do so, Sir," replied M. Fouche, "with perfect confidence."

After a repetition of his instructions, and receiving some further particulars relative to the intended attack on him, the worthy merchant left M. Fouche, and having procured a street vehicle, was driven to the hotel whither he had sent his servant and carriage. The evening was now pretty well advanced, and ere M. Durance had rested himself and taken some refreshment, it wanted little more than two hours of bedtime. The merchant felt himself incapable of going out, and he therefore sought a book and sat still. But, with his usual kindness of heart, he did not wish to confine others on his account. His servant Demaray, who was a Parisian, asked to go out and call upon his friends.

"By all means, Joseph," said M. Durance; "go to see your friends, but recollect to be here again by eleven."

After this, M. Durance attempted to read, but finding himself incapable of following the meaning of two lines together, he laid down the book, and *thought*.

Joseph returned punctually at eleven, and

lighted his master to bed. On being left alone, the courage of the merchant almost gave way. He looked around him. As M. Fouche had stated, there were two large closets in the room. The thought that, at that instant, his intending murderers might be there, came across the mind of M. Durance, and he was strongly tempted to satisfy himself before he lay down. But he recollected his promise—he remembered how accurate the intelligence of M. Fouche had been on other points—and he resolved to confide in what had been stated to him, and to obey every direction. Having come firmly to this conclusion, he put out the lights and lay down on the bed. The counsel "not to sleep" proved most superfluous in the case of the honest merchant. His mind and senses were too much on the alert to permit him to slumber. Sometimes, within the first hour after he lay down, he thought he heard stifled noises, but they were not continuous, and led to nothing. At length, however, about half-past twelve, the door of his bedchamber was opened, and a glimmer of light fell on the opposite wall. Having purposely arranged the bed-clothes about his head in such a way as to enable him to see without being seen, M. Durance then beheld three men enter, bearing a dark lantern, and each armed with a dagger and pistols. One of them advanced to the bed-side, and seized the portmanteau. In this person's face, to his horror, the merchant beheld the lineaments of his own servant, Joseph Demaray! The first act of the men was to rip up and rifle the portmanteau; but while they were doing so together, each being unable, seemingly, to trust his companions, M. Durance heard them agree upon the necessity of his own immediate death. Ignorant of the means prepared by M. Fouche for his succor, M. Durance felt the perspiration burst upon his body; but he was not kept long in this state, for, ere the rifling of the portmanteau could be completed, the closet doors burst open, five or six men rushed out, and in an instant the surprised robbers were in the hands of justice. On the officers coming out, the bed-room door at the same time was opened, and lights brought in, showing that all had been indeed thoroughly prepared for the relief of the merchant and capture of the offenders.

"Ah ha!" M. Durance would here say, when narrating the story himself, "what think you of my second adventure? More wonderful still than the first, was it not?"

Whatever may be thought on this point, there is obviously less of mystery in the last incident than in the preceding. The extraordinary degree of information displayed by M. Fouche, resulted simply from the circumstances of the villain Demaray having written from Bourdeaux to Paris, announcing to his associates the prize which was coming in their way. It may be thought that a roundabout and dangerous mode for M. Durance was adopted for the seizure of the offenders, and this may be in part true. But it is to be remembered that the slightest symptom of preparation would have awakened the suspicions of Demaray, and would thus have prevented, in all probability, the capture of his associates, who, though old offenders, had long escaped detection by the police. As to other points, M. Fouche, doubtless, had been afraid lest Durance, if informed previously of the treachery of his servant, and other particulars, might have prematurely done something to betray the scheme.

The wretch of a servant and his associates were punished as they well merited. M. Durance, grateful for his escape, blessed the wonderful police of his country, settled his business to his satisfaction in Paris, and in due time returned to Bourdeaux. It was not till after his return, notwithstanding many inquiries, that he could get any rational explanation of the first of his two aduentures. Finally, however, by dint of legal investigation, the mystery was solved. And what, does the reader think, was the cause of the three hundred louis being given to him, with such strange and apparently causeless liberality? The explanation is simple. In that wood, on the afternoon in question, there was to be a great sale of cut wood, which the party of men had come from a distance to buy in concert with one another. They looked for a great bargain, having reason to hope that nobody would appear to bid against them. But on seeing M. Durance in their track, they at once concluded that he was on the same "errand" as themselves. On consultation, they thought it worth their while to endeavor to buy up his opposition by the offer of a good round sum. M. Durance's first words unintentionally confirmed the mistake as to his purposes. The issue is known to the reader.

It is not exactly in our power to say to what extent M. Durance carried his inquiries, with the view of restoring the three hundred louis. We believe he offered publicly to give it up on call, but that it was never claimed from him. Perhaps the parties were ashamed of their extraordinary and simple-witted self-possession.

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF MR. WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

His Meeting with his Friends, and his Speech on the occasion.

In anticipation of the arrival of Mr. William Smith O'Brien, we gave in our last week's issue an interesting account of his career and services in the cause of Irish nationality and independence. This biographical sketch was written expressly for the columns of the RECORD, and was, we believe, the most complete and accurate that has been published. Since its publication the subject of it has arrived and been received with the most enthusiastic welcome. Thousands of his fellow-countrymen assembled to do him honor, besides those warm personal friends who have called to see him privately to pay him their respects and to renew those feelings of friendship and esteem which the occurrences of the last ten years have only served to increase.

Mr. O'Brien arrived in the Prince Albert on the morning of the 25th instant, and as the steamer appeared off the Battery he was honored with a salute of twenty-one guns by a detachment of Company F, Fourth Regiment N. Y. S. M., under the command of Captain McMahon. A second salute of one hundred guns was fired, which was responded to by the steamer. The first to welcome Mr. O'Brien was his old associate and friend, T. F. Meagher, and the meeting was a warm and a cordial one. Among those who afterwards paid their respects to the distinguished visiter were Captain McMahon, Mr. John E. White, Mr. Richd. O'Gormon, Wilson G. Hunt, Judge B. O'Conor, Mr. Wm. E. Robinson, Capt. Wm. F. Lyons, Mr. William J. Fagan, Mr. T. S. Brown, Mr. James Roche, Mr. R. J. Lalor, Mr. Thomas Byrnes, Mr. P. M. Haverty, Mr. J. W. Cole, Mr. Cavanagh, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Malcolm Campbell. Mr. Meagher introduced the visiters, and after the interchange of courtesies and friendly feelings, Judge O'Conor addressed Mr. O'Brien as follows, on behalf of the committee of citizens:

MR. WM. SMITH O'BRIEN, Sir—The pleasing duty has been assigned us, on behalf of your many friends in New York, to welcome you, and to express in this informal manner the great pleasure they feel at your arrival in America. We are aware that public manifestations of regard may be unexpected by you, but, without interfering with the object of your visit to the United States, we cannot refrain from tendering to you our sincere and respectful homage, as we have watched your unflinching adherence to principle, your patient endurance of sufferings, your chivalrous efforts substantially to improve and ennoble the political and social condition of your native land. While you were an exile our heartfelt wishes and sympathy were with you. You are now free—free to receive the pure air of Heaven—free to receive the congratulations of the free men of America. The adverse storm of your political life is over; and as your voyage across the atlantic has a pleasant termination in the safe moorings of our New York Bay, so may yonr useful days henceforth find their reward in the tranquility of a happy home and country. With a sincere admiration for the qualities which have dignified your character and rendered your name illustrious, we warmly and sincerely welcome you, and respectfully request that you will name such early day as may be agreeable to you for the purpose of receiving the congratulations of your friends and the expression of regard and joy your visit to the United States naturally and unanimously inspires. [Applause.]

Mr. O'Brien responded as follows:

MR. O'CONNOR AND GENTLEMEN: You are quite right in supposing that I have not come to the United States with a view to call forth any demonstration or parade that should be at all personal to myself. At the same time I will not pretend to be indifferent to the kindly feelings of my fellow countrymen, and it will assuredly be pleasing to me to meet on friendly and familiar terms, and in an informal manner, all those who desire to make acquaintance with me. But I wish it distinctly understood that I have not come here with any political object, further than concerns my own instruction and information. A large part of my life has been devoted to political affairs, and I have naturally felt a great anxiety to study the institutions of this country—the only country in which they can be seen with advantage, or judged with impartiality. I have learned so much to distrust the reports of travellers, that I greatly prefer to form my own opinions rather than to adopt those of others, and the more especially in regard to the United States, inasmuch as the observations of travellers here have generally been written with the gall of prejudice. [Applause.] I come here, therefore, for the purpose of investigating those social problems which are connected with the institutions of this country—the only one, I may say, in modern times, which possesses, upon a large scale, a Republican rather than a Monarchical form of government. I confess, too, that I have been very anxious to know how far those millions of my countrymen who have been compelled by adverse circumstances which I need not now recapitulate—for, alas! they are too well known to all of you—to make the United States their home, have succeeded in their efforts here to improve their fortunes. It is probable that I shall have an opportunity of seeing, not only in the great cities of America, but in the remote West, many thousands of my fellow countrymen, and it would be very satisfactory to me to be able to assure my fellow countrymen, on my return to Ireland, that I have seen their kindred, whether by race or birth, in America, pursuing a flourishing and prosperous career, and that I have found them preserving an undying attachment to the land of their fathers. [Loud applause.] In the presence of my friend, Mr. Meagher, it is unnecessary for me to remind you that there is another object for which I came to this country, and that is to see friends who have long been separated from me by adverse fate. It is with great pain that I feel, on shaking his hand again, after a separation for several years, that he is not in the position which I now occupy—in perfect freedom to re-visit his native land, to again look on the scenes to which he is so deeply attached, to again greet those friends who admire his genius, and again to receive those assurances of affection which he never failed to evoke from all who knew him. [Applause.] Frankly, gentlemen, and distinctly, I will say to you that I consider the prohibition which still excludes him from his native country, after a lapse of ten years, and after so many other matters have been consigned to oblivion, is unworthy of the British Government. [Applause.] Nor will I affect to say that I am indifferent to the manifestation of feeling that was exhibited here in reference to myself when I was similarly circumstanced. At a time when I was suffering the privation of almost everything that can make life delightful—when I was confined in a narrow circle, beyond the limits of which I could not transgress, save at the risk of being consigned to a prison—at that time the people of the United States, including not the Irish population alone, but a very large portion of the native-born citizens of this country, came forward in the great cities of the Union, first in Baltimore, and from Baltimore to Boston, calling on the President to interfere with the British Government in my behalf. Nor had I forgotten the enthusiastic feeling which was exhibited here on the occasion of my being permitted to return to Europe. I cannot forgot that at the great meeting which was held here in the Tabernacle—a meeting which had the countenance and the attendance, I have reason to know, of the leading men of New York—a congratulatory address was presented to so humble an individual as myself, which, as well in the terms in which it was expressed as in the circumstances attending its adoption, has seldom been paralleled in any period of the world, especially when we consider the influence and position of the city in which we now stand. Without arrogating to myself any claim to public respect, I might be forgiven if I entertain some vanity when I recollect such marks of friendship. I am here, therefore, in person, to acknowledge the sympathies thus expressed: and, though I earnestly desire to avoid, as much as possible, everything in the nature of parade, yet you are at liberty to say to your friends that I accept with gratitude those demonstrations of kindly feelings which your presence here to-day betokens. In regard to the future, it is perhaps right for me state to you now exactly and candidly what are my intentions. am very anxious to be present at the meetings of Congress before it breaks up, and I understand that its debates for the present session will terminate next week. I propose, therefore, to leave New York either on Sunday afternoon or Monday morning, and then to repair to Washington without delay, so that I may have the satisfaction of glancing at the proceedings of your Republican Legislature. From Washington I propose to go southward, probably to Charleston, from which I have not decided precisely in what direction I shall proceed, but I trust to be able to pass up the Mississippi to St. Louis, then northward to Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, and back by Boston to New York. If no impediment shall prevent the accomplishment of this tour, I shall arrive again in New York in May, so that I hope to see then, under more favorable circumstances, all the scenery and objects of interest in your neighborhood. I shall then, also, I hope, have an opportunity of meeting my countrymen freely, and shall comply with the wish contained in the address you have just presented, as far as may be consistent with my desires to make this a visit for rest, unconnected with public politics. [Applause.] I had almost forgotten to say that among those motives which induced me to come to America, a desire to visit those objects presented by nature, which are worthy of observation and calculated to excite interest, has not been the least. And no one can enter this beautiful port without feeling that if America presents many such scenes to the tourist as that which I have seen to-day, they would amply reward a visit. [Applause.] It is unnecessary for me to detain you longer, further than to repeat my thanks for your kindness and my wishes for your happiness. [Loud cheers, frequently renewed.]

Mr. Meagher was called upon to make a speech, but declined, as he did not, he said, desire to interrupt the effect of Mr. O'Brien's remarks by anything he might say.

Mr. O'Brien landed at the barge office at Whitehall, where he had much difficulty in making his way through the dense crowd that had assembled to greet him. Here he was met by Captain Wiley, Assistant Surveyor of the port, who made a few appropriate remarks, to which Mr. O'Brien responded. The company under the command of Capt. McMahon were drawn up on the pier, and when Mr. O'Brien succeeded in getting out of the barge office he was introduced to them by their Captain, who said: "Gentlemen of the Fourth Artillery, I have great pleasure in introducing to you the venerable patriot and steadfast friend of Ireland, William Smith O'Brien."

Mr. O'Brien then said: "I should be guilty of intrusion should I take every opportunity of addressing the friends who may greet me. At the same time I cannot allow this occasion to pass without acknowledging the kindness which you citizens have here shown to me. An address has already been presented to me, to which I have endeavored to reply, though not at all, I feel, in terms sufficiently ample. I cannot look upon so fine a body of my countrymen without remembering the saying of a British monarch at the battle of Fontenoy—'How much cause have I to curse the laws which have made such men my enemies.' [Applause.] I cannot but deplore the policy which has caused so many to become aliens to their native land—although I know that Irishmen will never forget the land of their birth. [Applause.] I cannot but feel that that is a policy which the British Government will one day greatly deplore." [Great applause.]

At the conclusion of his remarks his friends, after much difficulty, forced a way for him through the multitude to his carriage, in which he was taken to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Mr. O'Brien is at present in Washington, where he was received on his arrival by a large body of his friends and admirers, and where he intends to stay for several days.

LOCAL MATTERS.

A FESTIVAL FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.—The appeal which was made by the Ladies' Charitable Society attached to St. Mary's Church, for the relief of the poor, was not made in vain, if we might judge from the large attendance at the festival which took place last Tuesday evening in the Chinese Assembly Rooms. The doors were open, as announced in the notice, from three to twelve o'clock, and the price of admission was fifty cents, in return for which the visitors were entertained with some excellent music from a band engaged for the occasion. But this was not all the return, for after all that may be said about the music and the other attractions, the knowledge that the money would be devoted to a charitable object must have afforded a higher pleasure than any that could be derived from a temporary gratification of the senses. At the time of our visit the spacious hall was so thronged that it was an almost herculean task to force one's way through the crowd.

The ladies were as industrious and as irresistible as they always are on such occasions, and they never look better or to more advantage than when engaged in such works of benevolence. The idea of refusing to take a chance in whatever article they presented for your consideration was simply preposterous—they wouldn't take no for an answer, and they almost always carried their point. There was one lady who performed wonders with a small card basket, and who aided immensely in swelling the receipts of the festival. To describe all that was done, however, by the ladies would fill a volume, but we would be guilty of injustice if we did not give due credit to the sterner sex for their efforts in the good cause. There were two of the latter whose services were particularly deserving of notice. One had charge of an instrument called a lung-tester, and it was amusing to see the extent to which he was patronized, while the other employed all his powers of persuasion to induce visitors to have themselves weighed. As there was of course a charge in both of these cases, and as almost every one wished to test his lungs or prove that he was heavier or lighter than he really was, both the scales and the lung-tester proved to be profitable investments.

It would, however, be impossible to enumerate the various interesting features of the festival, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with saying that it was a perfect success, and that the Ladies of St. Mary's Church have every reason to be gratified with the result.

SACRED CONCERT AT THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—A grand sacred concert was given at the above church on Sunday last, for the purpose of defraying the expense incurred by the purchase of a new organ. There was a large and highly respectable audience in attendance, and the occasion was one of much interest. Indeed, to say that the audience was numerous, gives a very faint idea of the crowded state of the sacred edifice, for not only was every stationary and every temporary seat occupied—and of the latter there was no stinted supply—but every available spot of standing room had its occupant. The new and magnificent organ heard then for the first time, was built by Mr. Henry Erben, and for depth, fullness and sweetness of tone, it is not surpassed by any other in the city. The key-board is so arranged that the organist faces the altar, an arrangement, the advantage of which any one familiar with the instrument cannot fail to appreciate.

The concert commenced with a voluntary by Mr. Gustavus Schmitz, organist of the church, a performance which was admirably calculated to display the full powers of the instrument. It was followed by a Grand Te Deum, in which the whole vocal force assisted. A duet, the "Ecce Panis," was beautifully rendered by Miss Albrecht and Mr. Hubner. This lady has a sweet, pure voice, which she does not seek to injure by straining beyond its natural compass. The "Inflammatus," a soprano solo, was sung by Madame Caradori, whose brilliant execution was in harmony with the ornate style of Rossini's music. Next in succession was an extempore on the organ by Mr. Berge, organist of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Sixteenth street; and it is sufficient to say that it was well worthy of his eminent musical reputation. Commencing with those low tones which are almost inaudible, and which, "like a pervading spirit," are felt rather than heard, it swelled in volume until the power of the instrument was tested to its utmost capacity, and then subsided into a simple but exquisite melody. The "Tantum Ergo," a baritone solo and chorus—the solo sung in a very effective manner by Mr. Hartman—closed the first part of the evening's concert.

The second part commenced with a "Gloria" by Schmitz, played for the first time, a very fine and elaborate composition, well sung, and closing with a splendid chorus. A solo on the cornet-a-piston by Mr. Schreiber was distinguished for the combined taste and delicacy of the execution, so perfectly in unison with the gentle sadness and solemnity that characterizes much of Schuberth's music. "O Jesu Mi," a soprano solo, sung by Miss Albrecht, was followed by an extempore on the organ by Mr. Berge; and the Concert closed with a magnificent "Laudate Dominum," in which the peculiar feature we have before alluded to was introduced with admirable effect. We cannot close our notice of this highly successful concert without reference to the skill and taste of the presiding organist, Mr. Schmitz, the care with which the selections were made, and the perfection of all the arrangements.

Star Gazers.

When the twilight's purple haze
Steals on the balmy summer days,
In many a valley, warm and sweet,
Nestled at the green hills feet
In distant, quiet nooks of earth,
Ascends the sound of childhood's mirth.

Playing by the cottage doors,
Or on the meadow's flowery floors,
While the Linnet's mellow lay
Sings the vespers of the day,
And the soft and scented night
Glideth slowly down the height.

On the deepening purple, soon
Floats the lustrous maiden moon,
And the countless spheres that keep
Measured music, as they sweep,
Then some young Star Gazer, there,
Tossing back her clustered hair,

Looks with earnest, azure eyes,
On those marvels of the skies.
She doth not know one learned name
For those grand orbs, of light and flame,
But thinks the Angels, blest and fair!
Must have their radiant dwellings there.

And other eyes more earnest mark,
The first star gleaming through the dark.
Pale *Savans!* watching night, by night,
The planets wheeling in their flight,
Seeking vainly to unroll
The vast Creation like a scroll.

To read, with weak and puzzled eyes,
The mystic legends of the skies.
They lead us, blind and dazzled, on
Through planet, star, and central sun,
From off our little earth's dim coast
Among the rolling splendors lost.

Transmute the moon we loved so long,
The gentle light of love and song;
The moon that gilds the harvest vales;
The moon that lights the gliding sails;
Into a white and blasted world,
An arid waste, to ruin hurled.

What boots their lore? they cannot tell
Where sweeps the system where we dwell.
Whether it rushes blindly on
To crash into some fiery sun,
Or sweepeth musically through
One grand ellipse, and to their view.

Beyond that system's farthest star
New myriads glitter, near and far,
Unnumbered worlds of pallid flame
For which they know, nor place, nor name.
When thus I see them wandering through,
The starry ether's liquid blue,

I think of him, the Poet sings,
The daring boy who lost his wings,
The first young voyager of air,
Amid the blinding glories there,
As down the blue abysses hurled
He fell unto his native world.

Still vainly calling father! they,
When in the flights they dare essay,
In some intenser light have felt
The *wax* from off *their* pinions melt,
These bold explorers of the sky
Can only Father! Father! cry. ENDL.

SEALS AND SEAL HUNTING.

Seals can remain about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour under water, while engaged in pursuit of prey, but it is necessary that they should, after such intervals, come to the open air, as otherwise they would be drowned. In some instances they have been known to remain about twenty-five minutes under water without any fatal effect, but the animals which did so must have been unusually calculated for the purpose by nature or habit, like pearl divers amongst the human race. When a seal catches a fish, it holds it in its fore paws, and with its teeth tears off the skin, after which it makes its meal. Towards other animals, the demeanor of the seal is timid and gentle. It never seeks an encounter with man, but will use every endeavor to avoid him, and only act on the offensive if it cannot otherwise make its escape. The two sexes pair, and the female brings forth one each summer, generally in some sheltered situation, as, for instance, the beach at the inner extremity of a cave which the sea enters. The young one is no sooner born than it will take to the water, and display all the activity of its seniors. The seal is gregarious, and groups of one, two and three dozen, and sometimes many more, live and disport themselves together. They often spend many hours lying on rocks a little way out to sea, all being ranged in close row, with their heads to the ocean, ready to tumble in on the least alarm, while one stands a little apart, like a sentinel, with head erect, and the senses in activity, to watch the approach of danger.

The brain of the seal is a well developed organ, and the animal possesses so much intelligence and sagacity that it has been called the Dog of the Sea. It seems quite ascertained that they have a relish for music, and many successful efforts have been made to tame them. A young one, taken into human society, instead of exhibiting symptoms of terror, will court attention, and suck a finger held out to it, like many domestic animals. It is related of a seal domesticated in Orkney, that he would lie near the fire among the dogs, would bathe daily and return to the house, but having found his way to the byre, he used to steal there unobserved and suck the cows; on which account he was discharged and sent back to his native element. Another, of the bearded or grey kind, which was taken from a cave in Shetland, when only a few hours old, became in a day or two as much attached to its captor as a dog.

"The varied movements and sounds," says this gentleman, "by which he expressed delight at my presence and regret at my absence, were most affecting. These sounds were as alike as possible to the inarticulate tones of the human voice."

The same gentleman captured a female six weeks old, also of the great or bearded kind.

"This individual would never allow herself to be handled but by the person who had the charge of her; yet even she soon became comparatively familiar. It was amusing to see how readily she ascended the stairs, which she often did, intent, as it seemed, on examining every room in the house; on showing towards her signs of displeasure or correction, she descended more rapidly and safely than her awkardness seemed to promise. She was fed from the first on fresh fish alone, and grew and fattened considerably. We had her carried down daily in a hand-barrow to the sea-side, where an old excavation admitting the salt water was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time she would come ashore, and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the latter to her apartment, but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairmen, she would of her own accord mount her palanquin, and thus be carried as composedly as an Indian princess. By degrees we ventured to let her go fairly into the sea, and she regularly returned after a short interval; but one day, during a thick fall of snow, she was imprudently let off as usual, and being decoyed some distance out of the shore by some wild ones which happened to be in the bay at the time, she either could not find her way back, or voluntarily decamped. She was, we understood, killed very shortly after in a neighboring inlet. We had kept her about six months, and every moment she was becoming more familiar; we had dubbed her Finna, and she seemed to know her name."

Mr. Frederick Cuvier, in a work published in 1824, says: "I have lately had occasion to witness a seal which displayed much intellectual power. He did punctually what he was ordered. If desired to raise himself on his hind legs, and to take a staff in his hands, and act the sentinel, he did so; he likewise, at his keeper's bidding, would lie down on his right side, or on his left, and would tumble head over heels. He would give you either of his paws when desired, and would extend his sweet lips to favor you with a kiss."

In Shetland seal hunting is followed partly as an amusement, and partly with a view to profit; and the various modes in which it is carried on, give occasion for the exercise of much ingenuity, and for much lively adventure. One mode of the sport was to beset the caves in which the pairs live at the time of the birth of their offspring.

The caves to which the great seal resorted, are arched perforations in the precipices open to the sea, and extending inwards sometimes upwards of a hundred fathoms, terminating in pebbly beaches, on which the young were born and nursed. Some of these caves can only be entered under water like the one in the Friendly Islands described by Mariner, and immortalized by Byron; and others are too winding and narrow to admit of access. When the entrance was sufficiently capacious, the sea smooth, and the seals were known to have brought forth, two boats proceeded to the cave; the one lay at the mouth; the other, attached to its second by a line sufficiently long to reach to the extremity of the tunnel, pushed inwards. On reaching the beach, some of the crew leaped out and knocked on the head as many of the old ones as they could, the rest escaping to the sea, without attempting to defend their young ones, who were then dispatched at leisure. On such occasions from ten to twenty young ones were sometimes taken from one cave; the booty belonged to the owners of the property in which the caves were situated, and a portion of it was assigned as a reward to the captors. These caves, or Hellyers, as they are here termed, were at one time held in strict property, and highly valued; and formal deeds of conveyance of them, as well as of fowlings, were occasionally made, one of which I have seen.

Seals were also at all seasons sought for and surprised on the rocks. A curious anecdote was related to me in Faroe of a native assailing, on the rocks, a male of the great seal, but not being able to detain him, actually got astride on his back, endeavoring to behead him at the gallop, and slipped out of his stirrups hardly in time to allow his Barb, mortally wounded, to take his leap, all alone, into the water.

Lucas Debes, the old historian of those remote isles, and Donald Maclean, in his account of one of the Hebrides, make mention of the practice of hunting seals with dogs; the services of which, however, could amount to only irritating them to resistance, and thus, by detaining them a little, to gain time to the hunter to attack them with the club, for the strength of any dog is utterly trifling compared with that of a seal of ordinary size.

Within even the last twenty years, both species of seals have become much more rare and cautious, so that the net and the gun remain the only means of capture. In a few districts the net is employed for taking the common seal, by being set near the rocks frequented by them, while they are absent, and lying in wait till they again approach the shore; but it is chiefly used for catching the great seal. The dimensions of the net are about fifteen fathoms long and five broad; the meshes are nine inches square, and it is made of strong cod line. When the seals are suspected to have brought forth in a cave, the net is rapidly and silently dropped before the entrance. A man holding a rope attached to its upper ends is placed on each side, on some convenient pinnacle of rock that affords footing. Sometimes, from the shelving of the sides of the caves, the net cannot easily close it, and in this case the men hold each a long pole, with a bunch of straw or other substance at the end, keeping it constantly in motion under water, to deter the animal from escaping by means of this vulnerable part of the line of siege. When all is secured, the boat proceeds inwards as far as possible, and firing and hallooing, the men endeavor to induce the seals that may be in the cave to venture out.

"This they soon attempt, and are consequently caught. When fairly enveloped in the net, or "masked," as it is called, the capture is considered secure. The power of the animal is constrained, and even were it not, he has to lift a heavy mass of wet net, with heavy weights attached, to the surface, every time he attempts to respire. Only the largest and most powerful can accomplish this, but when he does, or when the water is so shallow as to render it easy, he is shot. Generally he cannot rise, and all that remains to be done is to wait patiently for his death by drowning. From the boat he may be seen making vain efforts to tear the net with his teeth, rolling on the bottom, now and then desperately struggling to disengage himself, and constantly looking up with a most striking expression of defiance and upbraiding at the boat, which he knows contains the agents of his sufferings. He dies in about a quarter of an hour."

This mode of hunting seals is characterized by Dr. Edmondston as barbarous and exterminating, and he professes greatly to prefer trusting to ingenuity in approaching the seals, and skill in marking them down with the gun. But he shows it to be no easy sport. The animal is uncommonly tenacious of life. Unless hit in a decidedly mortal part, it will be apt to baffle the huntsman. It is quite impossible to hit it when looking it straight in the face, for it has a trick of shying aside at the moment of firing, which never fails to protect it from harm.

"One might think," he says, "that so bulky an animal could hardly contrive, at, perhaps, twenty or thirty yards, to get, so rapidly, all his body out of the course of the ball. Perhaps guns that shoot wide of the mark would have the best chance of defeating the intention of this manœuvre."

It is not enough to be a good shot, to be well armed and supplied with every equipment; the sportsman must also be intimately acquainted with the habits of the animal, and possess great experience and address to avail himself of this knowledge. Many curious devices are put in practice to allure him within shot, and much patience and sagacity to steal upon him unperceived. Often we range along many miles of coast without meeting with a single seal; but our wanderings are through scenery the most majestic; Who that has ever looked upon them can forget these "naked" and primitive isles of the Northern Atlantic—their melancholy moors and lonely valleys—their stupendous precipices and foaming surges, lowering clouds and rushing maelstroms, where the ancient lullaby of the infant Viking was the hurricane, and his playground the ocean. In these wild and sequestered solitudes, unbroken by the tumults of faction and the inroads of civilization, is to be found that untrammelled freedom about which philosophers reason and poets sing; and it is well to refresh ourselves, in this agitated period of the march of matter, with those pure and ennobling sentiments which the presence of nature in her sublimer aspects is calculated to inspire. If the fox hunter has counties to scour, we have islands; if we want his woodlands and rivers, we have our rocks and ocean; instead of chargers, we have boats the finest in the world, combining symmetry, safety and celerity. Our dogs are far superior in definite attachment and versatile intelligence to the machines of the pack; if we do not enjoy the pleasure of breaking our necks in leaping hedges, we can yet prove our mortality by capering over precipices, breasting billows, and ploughing breakers. No spring-guns, fierce keepers, or game laws, restrict the freedom of our coursing; whatever we behold, either on the land or the water, we can approach. I have repeatedly had for half an hour, under aim of an unerring gun, a seal lying within forty yards of me, and could not find it in my heart to fire, yet I had enjoyed all the enthusiasm of the hunt up to the moment of slaying, and this unalloyed pleasure in addition, of quietly observing the drowsy Triton reposing on his ocean rock, like an ancient sea king in his stronghold of plunder, when, withdrawing the finger from the trigger, I started him from his slumber by a warning shout that sent him ploughing into his native element; with a strong consciousness of his danger, and I hope a grateful sense of my forbearance.

Taking it altogether, it is a soul-stirring hunt; the game is a noble one; its size, power, activity, sagacity and vigilance, the slippery element in which he is pursued, presenting enough of dangers to face, and difficulties to overcome. The ingenious stratagems and judicious arrangements to ensure his capture, the rugged grandeur of the scenery of his favorite retreats, present a combination that includes everything essential to charm us in the chase.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT ARABIC TABLETS.—At a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, on Saturday, Sir Henry Rawlinson made a short communication respecting some tablets, engraved on copper or brass, which have recently been discovered near Sana, in Arabia. A cast and a printed impression from one of the tablets, about the size of a duodecimo page, had been sent to Sir Henry by a gentleman residing at Sana, which he exhibited to the meeting. About thirty of the tablets have been found, several of which are in the possession of the gentleman who sent the one exhibited, and he expects to be able to secure the whole. Many of them are of larger size, and they are all engraved with Himyaritic characters, which, from their close resemblance to Arabic, can be readily deciphered. The inscriptions on these tablets it is expected will throw considerable light on the ancient history of Arabia. The one exhibited bears the date of 604, but from what era is as yet uncertain. Colonel Rawlinson is inclined to fix the age of the tablet at about 200 of the Christian era. [English paper.

The exploit of William Tell has stimulated a weaver at Spire to try his hand at rifle practice on his young son, on whose head he placed a potato, and brought down the tuber at one hundred yards, but was had up before the police and sent to jail for a week by the indignant magistrate. Served him right.

FACETIÆ.

About that Great Anglo-Saxon Race.—Our readers may remember that some three or four weeks ago we inserted the query of an inquiring genius out West, who desired to know when that great Anglo-Saxon race was coming off. To this important question we have received the following answer from a subscriber of The Record in Philadelphia:

In your paper of the 5th inst. an inquirer away out West wants to know when the great Anglo-Saxon Race, so much talked of, is to come of. Please inform him it will certainly come off; but as yet the time or place is not determined on. There are three well-known horses already entered. 1st. The celebrated Anglo-Saxon horse Black Phenix, owned by Lord Derby. It is said Phenix's great grandsire was the notorious Black Cromwell, whose owners were accused of unjustly holding the King's Plate. The second horse entered is that well-known white horse Wingfield, owned by Gaul & Sons. The third horse entered is the powerful bay horse Conqueror, owned by Franks & Co. It is rumored in sporting circles that three or four more horses of well-known celebrity are to come in—their names or owners are yet given. The first race is to be for the King's Plate. The second race will be most interesting and ably contested by the three horses already entered, as it will be for the Church Lands and unjustly confiscated estates of Ireland. Whereas, the horses now entered are of such well-known bottom, and the stakes so immensely valued, it will take considerable time to arrange preliminaries—and as sportsmen are expected from all nations, it is rumored there will be at least six months' required and given.

Respectfully yours at command,
Darby, M.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

When is a sample enough? When you take away the *s*; it is then *ample*.

What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? I'm *down* on you this time.

If a policeman detect men stealing, what ought he to do, and yet not do? Stop 'em in it—(stop a minute.)

Why can't a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

If you would enjoy yourself, always be late at a ball; it's *past time*.

The surest way to lose your health is to be very frequently drinking that of other folks.

A man in Kentucky has a horse which is so slow that his hind legs always get first to his journey's end.

It seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the latest intelligence always consists of the earliest news.

A shipment of "mess beef" lately arrived at San Francisco, California, from Australia, has proved, on examination, to be *pickled kangaroo*.

"Master at home?"
"No, Sir, he's out."
"Mistress at home?"
"No, Sir, she's out."
"Then I'll step in and sit by the fire."
"That's out, too, Sir."

A well-known author once wrote an article in Blackwood, signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity he will tell only two-thirds of the truth!"

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him, "a *beaver* naturally takes to the water."

A wit having been asked by another person whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, "What! lend him money? You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

A farmer the other day was told by his landlord that he was going to raise his rent. "Much obliged," said he, "for I find it impossible to *raise* it myself."

The man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours, may be tolerably quick footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashions.

"I think you must allow," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself," was the quick retort. "Their age makes them respectable."

At a marriage in Leeds, England, the other day, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears of course. Whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, and on being remonstrated with, roared out: "Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does, in course."

"Are you the Judge of Reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a Judge of Probate. "I am a Judge of Probates," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Happy Thought.—Many years ago, when the white men who had seen the Rocky Mountains might still have been counted, and only very few of the prairie Indians knew the use of firearms, Fitzpatrick had one day got separated from his companions, and was pursuing his game alone in the wilderness. As ill luck would have it, he was seen by a war party of Indians, who immediately prepared to give chase. There was not the smallest chance of escape for him, but the young hunter made a feint of running away, in order, if possible, to gain time. He happened to know that these savages, who as yet were little acquainted with the use of firearms, had several times, when they had taken white hunters prisoners, put the muzzle of their rifles close to their breasts, and fired them by way of experiment, to see what would come of it. He therefore thought it prudent to extract the bullet from his, and then continued his flight. The Indians followed and very soon overtook him, when they disarmed him and tied him to a tree. One of the warriors, who, it appered, understood how to pull a trigger, then seized the rifle, placed himself a few paces in front of the owner of it, took aim at his breast and fired; but when the Indians looked eagerly through the smoke towards Fitzpatrick, they saw that he was standing safe and sound in his place, and he quietly took out of his pocket the bullet he had previously placed there, and tossed it to his enemies, who were all amazement. They declared he had arrested the bullet in its flight, was invulnerable, and a wonderful conjuror, and what was more, that some great misfortune would most likely befall the tribe, if they did not set him free immediately, and they therefore cut his bonds, and made off as fast as possible, leaving Fitzpatrick free to go where he pleased. The three old backwoodsmen had hundreds of such anecdotes to relate, but they never talked of them in a boastful manner, but told quite simply and truly, even the most terrible adventures, merely as interesting reminiscences of bygone times.

A Lion Taking it Coolly.—Pushing past the rear files, we galloped up to the front just in time to prevent the sergeant who led the advance firing at a noble lion, which, advancing towards the same path which we were pursuing, halted abruptly at our view. He had evidently come from a different direction to that we were pursuing, and was making his way towards the very pile of mountains whose sombre colors had excited our curiosity. Five minutes later, and we should not have seen him; and there he stood, evidently very much astonished at plumping suddenly on so large a party. The men were closed up, with orders not to fire unless the animal showed a disposition to attack, when they were all to face him, and it was hoped the discharge would prove mortnl. Happily the lion was quite pacifically disposed, having probably just dined, as it was only early in the morning. Our files well closed up, we neared the lion, who showed no symptoms of fear, gazing at us, not savagely, but apparently with great curiosity. Then he moved his tail to and fro like a large cat, and as we neared him he deliberately sat down on his hind quarters, looking then for all the world like a queer colored large Newfoundland. Just as we ranged up with him, passing by in single file, the horse's heads and tails well together, he opened his huge mouth with a mighty yawn, uttering as did so a sound between a heavy sigh and a growl. This he did without rising, and in a most sleepy manner, as though he was supremely indifferent to our presence. All this time our horses were terribly excited—my own, a black Syrian barb, completely cowed, and although walking at a very slow pace, his black coat was all white with foam. The colonel could not resist the temptation to rein up and look at the lion, but the lion did not care to reciprocate the compliment, although he was of "the sort called by the natives the black lion, the fiercest and most terrible of all." The Syrian barb, a less ardent zoologist than his master, in his nervousness nearly unhorsed the latter with a bound he gave, and when the gallant rider had recovered the command over his steed, the lion had "deliberately laid down, and resting his noble head on two mighty paws," sleepily followed the troop with his eyes as they moved away.

Eccentric Maladies.—A gentleman is mentioned by Dr. Beattie, who, after a blow on the head, lost his knowledge of Greek, but did not appear to have lost anything else. A frequent modification consists in putting one name for another, but always using the words in the same sense. Thus a gentleman affected in this manner, when he wanted coals put on the fire, always called for paper, and when he wanted paper, called for coals; and these words he always used in the same manner. Dr. Gregory used, in his lectures, to mention the case of a clergyman, who, while laboring under an affection of the brain, spoke nothing but Hebrew—the last language he had acquired. Dr. Prichard mentions an English lady, who, in recovering from an apoplectic attack, always spoke to her attendants in French, as she had absolutely lost the knowledge of the English language. This continued about a month. The celebrated Dr. Brousoonet lost, after a slight apoplectic attack, the power of pronouncing substantive nouns, whether in French or Latin. Thus, when he wished to pronounce apple, he described it by its qualities. When the noun was shown to him, written or printed, he immediately recognized it, but he had no power to designate it spontaneously. Cuvier, in his lectures, relates a similar case of a person who had only lost the memory of substantive nouns, but could pronounce all adjectives.

Curiosity and Fortitude.—La Condamine's curiosity was invincible; he was the very Paul Pry of science; and this curiosity was coupled with a gaiety and recklessness truly French. In his last illness, being prevented from attending as usual the meetings of the Academy, he had notes brought to him of all the papers which were read there. In one of them he learned that a young surgeon had proposed a bold but dangerous operation for one of the diseases under which he suffered. He sent for this young surgeon, and proposed that the experiment should at once be tried upon himself.

"But," hesitated the young man, "if I should unhappily fail?"

"Well, what then? I am old and dangerously ill; it will be said that nature did not properly assist you. If, on the contrary, you succeed, I will myself draw up an exact account of your method for the Academy, and you will be a made man."

The matter was arranged. The operation began, but La Condamine was not satisfied with suffering; he was curious to learn the whole process.

"Gently," he exclaimed; "please be slower, and let me see how you operate. My dear Sir, if I don't see how you do it, I shall never be able to draw up a proper account for the Academy."

Unhappily he died shortly after the operation, but his gaiety and courage never forsook him. He made witticisms about his sufferings, and even wrote songs about them.

A Female Soldier.—At the Imperial Court of Paris, on the 22d inst., the name of one Herrewegan, formerly a corporal in the Belgian army, was called on. "Present!" cried a tall, masculine woman, rising. "What are you?" asked the President. "An old soldier," said she. "An old soldier! You mean of course a cantiniere?" "No, sir, I was first a private soldier, afterwards a corporal of the 12th regiment of Belgium, and I have gained the decoration of the Iron Cross for distinguished services!" Her advocate then explained that in 1830, being married to a Belgian sergeant, whose regiment was in the citadel of Antwerp, she, in order to enter the citadel, into which strangers were not admitted, disguised herself as a man and enlisted for two years. She served so well that she was made a corporal. Some time after the revolution, her regiment, having gone over to the popular side, was sent to attack a house at Berchem, in which some Dutch troops had barricaded themselves; and she, in a heavy fire, and in spite of the hesitation of her comrades, beat down the door with the butt end of her musket, whereby the house was carried. On another occasion, at Louvain, in the midst of a combat a large barrel of gunpowder accidentally exploded, wounding several men; all the soldiers near fled in dismay, but she proceeded with the greatest calmness to afford relief to the wounded. After this affair she made her sex known, and the King of the Belgians conferred on her the Iron Cross. She subsequently served for some years as cantiniere, and obtained a small pension. The advocate then went on to say that on the death of her husband, which took place some years ago, she married a poor workman residing in Paris. Lately she and her husband fell into distress, and the latter became infirm. To give him relief she some time ago stole a purse from a lady in an omnibus. Detected in the act, and with the purse on her, she was condemned to a year's imprisonment by the tribunal of correctional police. It was against the condemnation that she appealed. But the Court, though it listened with great interest to the tale of the woman's life, was obliged to confirm the previous judgement.

Universal Benevolence of Women.—The celebrated traveller Ledyard paid the following handsome tribute to the female sex:—"I have observed," he says, "that woman in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. I never addressed myself to them in the language of decency and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland unprincipled Russia; and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.

A Kafirland Catastrophe.—At length we reached the highest point of the ascent, which was its most difficult part, as the only place it afforded swept round a precipitous ledge, jutting out from a spur of the mountain. With much cracking of Hans's brobdignagian whip, and many loud cries of warning and encouragement, the timid oxen were persuaded to follow their leader along the slippery narrow shelf, which afforded them an uncertain footing, and granted hardly six inches grace to the wagon wheels. But the oxen struggled bravely with their difficulties, terrified though they evidently were by a huge beetling cliff which overhung the path, and was so lightly poised, that it seemed as if a crack of our driver's whip might send it hurtling down upon us. It held its ground, however, glooming darker, heavier and closer upon us as we proceeded, until at the further end it hung down like a portcullis, but a few feet above us—fewer than we had imagined, for when our wagon essayed to pass beneath, it struck its tent violently against the rock. The shock caused it to swerve a few inches on the slippery ledge, but those inches were all-important. With scarcely a jerk it slipt over the ledge, hung for a moment in the air, the forewheel quickly followed, and then the wagon rolled heavily over the precipice, dragging rapidly down in its train, two by two, the unfortunate and struggling oxen, which none had power to save. It was a horrible sight; the vain efforts of the poor animals to retain their footing as they were swept resistlessly down, and their wild, despairing eyes as they felt themselves hurried to destruction. Then our ears were filled with the din of splintering and crashing timber as the heavy mass crushed down trees and struck against rocks in its swift descent. Then the echoes caught up the sounds, throwing them back from peak to peak with tenfold force, until at length they passed away in low, faint moans, like the last suffering utterances of our poor oxen. When all was again silent we knelt and looked over the ledge, and there, dimly visible at the bottom of a deep chasm, intermingled with branches and stones, lay a shattered heap which had once been our wagon and oxen.

Carrot Pudding.—Take a large carrot, boil it soft, bruise it in a marble mortar, and mix with it a spoonful of biscuit powder, four yolks and two whites of eggs, a pint of cream, a large spoonful of rose or orange flower water, a quarter of nutmeg, two ounces of sugar, and a little ratafia. Bake it in a shallow dish. Turn it out, and serve with sugar over.

Singular Accident to a Cat.—The other night a large cat belonging to the station master at Halewood, near Warrington, attempted to cross the line as an engine was passing at a good speed. The cat was caught between the spokes of one of the driving wheels, and whirled round while the wheel traversed thirty yards, when it was thrown out. Its owner went to look for it, but the cat stared so wildly that he dared not approach it. Two hours afterwards it was heard mewing at the front door, and when it came in it was found to be uninjured.

[English Paper.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE WAR FEELING IN FRANCE.

The Right of Search Question Again.

&c., &c., &c.

The latest intelligence from Europe is that brought by the City of Baltimore, which sailed from Liverpool on the 16th of February and arrived in New York on the morning of the 18th inst. The following are the chief features of her news:

IRELAND.

Despite of the parade which has been made in the Government regarding the secret societies, and the consequent disgrace which is thus attempted to be flung upon the country, the fact that it is rapidly increasing in prosperity cannot be denied. The price of land is increasing, and the indications in every part of the island show that the people are in a much better condition than they were five or six years ago, and there is a very perceptible improvemont in all the branches of industry.

THE TIPPERARY DEMONSTRATION.—A Thurles correspondent thus cheeringly writes to the Limerick Reporter on this important subject:

THURLES, MONDAY.—Extensive preparations are making for our great county demonstration on Monday next. The committee have been constantly at work making arrangements. There will be a gallery for ladies at the banquet. We expect to have eight or ten members of Parliament at the banquet. Conciliation, and, I would venture to hope, moderation, unity, and reconciliation, will be the order of the day. John Lanigan, of Richmond, will be in the chair at the banquet. The resolutions are unexceptionable, and not personal. It will be a grand affair altogether—nearly on a par with our meeting of 1844, at which O'Connell was present.

INCREASING VALUE OF LAND.—An instance of the high value placed on the possession of land by the industrious and comfortable farmers of the barony of Forth, was shown on the recent occasion of Mr. Francis Armstrong disposing of his interest in part of the lands of Hilltown, a portion of the estate of J. H. Talbot, Esq., of Ballytrent. Mr. Armstrong having spent some successful years in Australia, lately returned to this country for the purpose of disposing of his property in the lands of Hilltown, and again rosuming his business in his new home. The lands were put in three lots, for a period of twenty-one years, subject to a head rent and rent charge of forty-four shillings the Irish acre. The biddings were spirited, and Mr. Walsh, our eminent local auctioneer, knocked down each lot, as annexed. No. 1. Thirteen acres to Mr. John Scallan, Ballytrent, at £135; No. 2. Twenty-two acres to Mr. Thomas Stafford, Ballyhote, at £200; and lot 3 to Mr. Richard Reary, Killellune, sixteen acres at £167 10s.

[Wixford Independent.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.—The first store of the National Art Gallery of Ireland was laid on the 29th of January by the Lord Lieutenant, (Lord Eglentoun,) with great eclat. The building will comprise a sculpture hall 114 feet long by forty feet in breadth, and twenty-two feet high. From this a flight of stairs will lead to a picture gallery of 126 long by forty broad. On the upper story will be four lesser picture galleries, for small sized and cabinet paintings, each 36 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 22 feet high. The galleries, &c. will be very ample and splendid, and the entire structure will stand a monument of the reviving taste of the Irish people. Lord Eglintoun has contributed £100 to the fund for the purchase of works of art for the gallery.

ENGLAND.

On the 14th of February the question of the right of search was discussed in the House of Lords. Lord Malmesbury thought England had acted wisely in giving up that right, and Lord Clarendon maintained that the right of search was a belligerent right, and should be exercised only in time of war. It has been stated in the House of Commons that the British Government will not grant unconditional guarantees to the Atlantic Telegraph, or any similar undertaking.

The Daily News says that the government has given orders for constructing sixteen engines, destined for war steamers.

The Government is about to raise money in England for the service of India.

FRANCE.

On the opening of the French Legislature on the 7th the Emperor made an important speech, referring to his existing relations with the different powers of Europe. He pointed to the moderation of his policy in the past as a guarantee for the future, and speaking of the Danubian Principalities, said that the interest France took in these distant countries was identical with the interest she took in the advance of civilization in every quarter of the world. Count de Morny's speech to the Legislative Corps was distinguished by its pacific tendency, following the lead of the Emperor, and yet the idea of a coming war prevails on all sides. Indeed, the Paris correspondent of The London Daily News says: The Emperor was making preparations of a nature to indicate that he intends to take the field in person, and that it is certain that he burns with the ambition to command an army in actual warfare.

The correspondent of The London Herald states that before the expiration of two months hostilities will break out.

A feeling of insecurity pervades all departments of trade and commerce, still further increased by several heavy failures.

AUSTRIA.

A Vienna dispatch states that Austria has consented to withdraw from the Roman States on condition that France will take a similar step. The speech of Napoleon is considered as pacific, and Austria, to maintain the peace of Europe, has consented to take as a basis of diplomatic discussions, on her temporary occupation of Central Italy, whatever may be agreed on between the two Western Powers.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

[COMMUNICATED.]—INCIDENTS OF A MISSION GIVEN BY THE MISSIONARIES OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE AT BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY.—At the above place, the Rev. Fathers Hecker Deshon and Baker opened a mission Sunday, the 13th of February, which continued during a week, and closed on the evening of the Sunday following. To say that it was most successful, is too cold an expression; and to call it most impressive, beautiful and triumphant can give no adequate idea of its enchanting duration. During the week of its continuance, the hill that is crowned by the graceful church of St. Peter, with its tall steeple and gilded cross, marking the first of a series of eminences that rises higher and higher westward from the river Passaic, has almost realized Mount Thabor. The eager people of the country round had been beforehand preparing for the arrival of the Missionaries, and no sooner did the good Fathers come, than the faithful people rose up in haste to meet them. Down they came, the children of old Roscommon and Mayo, from the romantic hills of Caldwell on the west, along the glades and woody slopes of Bloomfield, saluting as they passed their newly-built church of "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception." Onwards and upwards, too, were hastening from the north and east, through Aequackanouck and Belleville, those who long ago left the Boyne and the Suir, the Liffy and the Shannon, to cultivate the valley of the scarcely less beautiful Passaic. A thin, sparkling frost still lay upon the roads; and the crisping sounds of thair hurrying feet, "beautiful with glad tidings," and their cheerfully ringing voices, far and near, were heard along the banks and over the draw-bridge of the beautiful river—beautiful at half-past four in the balmy morning air—quivering under the waning, hovering moon, the deep blue sky, and the twinkling stars. But the people of the valley have ascended the hill from whence the loud bell of St. Peter's steeple has been awakening the country for miles around, with its clear and booming sounds. They meet their brethren from Bloomfield and Caldwell, and pause for a moment before the double flight of steps leading up the portico of the church. Every window gleams with light. The organ and choir are entoning and singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "*Sancta Virgo Virginum*—Holy Virgin of Virgins, pray for us." "I thought I was before the bell," exclaims a young woman just oome from several miles off, as she flits hastily through the door-way, to be in time for mass. But the Priest, in his shining vestments, with his little surpliced attendants, is already at the altar; and, it being five o'clock, the first mass of the morning has punctually begun. The weather, however, at two or three other intervals of the mission was not quite so propitious, nor the roads so pleasant; for thaws and occasional rain had softened and deepened the latter to a disagreeable extent. But this mattered nothing to the seamless-all-weather-proof-robe of the Faith, one Roman and indivisible; for St. Peters was thronged, morning and evening alike, while the mission lasted. Many were the expedients resorted to by poor mothers for trusty guardians to mind the little ones during their absence at church. In several instances a mother would charge herself with the children of two or three others; or some kind-hearted Protestant would take this care upon her. But unfrequently the little ones were deposited in the basement of the church; and it was interesting to see the German mother placing her infant in the Irish woman's arms, while she herself hastened up with the crowd to receive communion at the altar rail—a crowd of old and young, dotted here and there with the Hollander, the German, the French and the English or American Catholic. The morning instruction was usually given by Father Hecker, whose appearance and manner were well calculated to cheer up the people even to alacrity, under their daily difficulties of faithful attendance, late and early, on the mission; whether he related the anecdote of the old man, who, early in the morning, after most determined efforts to be faithful to the mission, vanquished the temptations of his warm bed, and finally succeeded in reaching the church, in the teeth of a snow storm, with inverted umbrella; or when urging the duty of virtuous perseverance, he gave his celebrated allegory of the voracious Pike of the Mississippi, who terrified, one night, by an unusual display of fireworks on its banks, vowed he would swallow no more little fishes, but afterwards relapsed into his intemperate proclivities, and became worse than ever. In the evening Father Deshon ended his most interesting instructions with the recitation of the Rosary, responded to aloud by the entire congregation. This was succeeded by Father Baker's sermon and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the overflowing attendance of the faithful, with the knowledge of the missionaries themselves, being Americans and converts from Protestantism, hundreds of Protestants of all classes came nightly, many of whom were present at every sermon; and these were as sensibly moved even to tears and audible grief by the power and holiness of the preacher's eloquence as the Catholics themselves. But the last night's scene will long be remembered—the renewal of the baptismal vows with uplifted hands by the entire assemblage which the strong built church somehow or other continued to accommodate, sitting and standing in the pews, passages, gallery and sacristy, and close around the sanctuary, to the number of some thirteen or fourteen hundred. The interior of the church was but lately remodelled and decorated, and its pale rose colored walls and ceiling were charmingly varied by their white ornamental centres and panelled mouldings. The statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter at either side of the sanctuary, rested on tasteful pedestals, which supported four lofty Corinthian columns and their pilasters. These pure white fluted and tapering columns, with their rich capitals and entablature; the altar, tabernacle and almost life size crucifix; the high raised marble font and its pendant baptismal robe of snowy lace—all these, contrasted with the dark and lofty missionary cross, and the crucifixion winding scarf hung athwart it, became of an almost dazzling whiteness and beauty amidst the innumerable lights, silver and gilded candelabra and vases of a countless variety of natural flowers. It is a pleasing thought that much of the plate alluded to was lent for the occasion by kind hearted Protestants of the neighborhood, in whose estimation this mission has exalted the Catholic Church to a surprising degree. At the same time it may be said that few or no places in the country are more remarkable than Belleville, New Jersey, for kind cordiality on the part of the Protestant community towards the Catnolic. But the last scene, like a beautiful vision, is now over. The missionaries have given their blessing to the crowd, among whom is a Protestant young lady, who comes also to seek it before the carriage shall have borne them away. One convert was baptized on the morning of their departure. Another will be in a day or two hence. More are in reserve for this sacred rite. Upwards of eleven hundred and thirty Catholics have received the Holy Eucharist; many of them old men and many youths, who, but for the influence of the mission, would not have approached the sacraments for years—perhaps never. Young, wavering Catholics already more than half lost to the faith, have been reclaimed and fortified. A rich legacy of Catholic truth has been left to vanquish falsehood and error, which, in Belleville and its neighborhood, must cower for many a day before the memory of the Missionaries of St. Paul the Apostle. F. J.

FOREIGN.

INFLUX OF VISITORS AT ROME.—A correspondent writes, Jan. 29:

"The Eternal City is oppressed by the presence of potentates of imperial, royal and grand-ducal degree; and the minor majesties of all Europe seem to have agreed to congregate in Rome at the present moment. Some of these diguitaries subside into comparative insignificance amidst the lofty ruins and imposing grandeur of the ancient mistress of the world; but others keep the court officials of his Holiness perpetually on the look out, and attend more to the temporalities of the Vatican than to the *souvenirs* of by-gone empires. [The King of Prussia belongs to the former category, and lives a peaceable existence on the classic Capitoline hill, with his family and suite.] The Grand Duchess Helen of Russia has been here since the beginning of winter. Her daughter, the Grand Duchess Catherine, with her husband, Duke George of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, arrived in Rome on the 20th inst. Queen Christina of Spain arrived here late on Saturday evening. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany reached Rome on the evening of the 18th."

PRAYER BOOK FOR BRITISH CATHOLIC SOLDIERS.—Mr. Spooner, in the House of Commons, on the 10th of February, asked the Secretary of War whether the Garden of the Soul, a Roman Catholic prayer book, was distributed to the army by his authority.

Gen. Peel said that a sum of £2,000 was annually voted by the house for the supply of the army with prayer books. He had not made any changes in the mode in which the grant was distributed, but it was open to the honorable member to object to its allocation when the bill came under consideration.

THE CORNER-STONE OF A NEW CONVENT Laid in OMAGH, IRELAND.—The first stone of a Convent of the Order of Loretto Nuns was laid at this flourishing town on the Feast of the Purification. The weather was unfortunately unpropitious, but the Bishop of the diocese officiated, aided by some of the clergy of the place and neighborhood, and the faithful, with their usual generosity, subscribed £200 on the occasion. After high mass a sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Harbessen, of the Redemptorists.

THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN.—The Paris correspondent of The London Times says that a private letter from Rome states that Archbishop Cullen is about to be made a Cardinal, and is going to reside permanently at Rome. The Very Rev. Dr. Kieran, Vicar-General of Armagh, will act as *locum tenens* in the diocese, but is to have nothing to do with its administration.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LIVERPOOL, FEB. 9.—The foundation-stone of a new church, to be called "The New Church of our Lady of Reconciliation," in Eldon-street, Vauxhall-road, was laid with all the ceremony of the Roman Catholic church, by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool. The locality is one of the poorest and most densely populated in the town, and the new church is intended to supplant the temporary place of worship formed out of an old warehouse in Blackstone street, now frequented by the Roman Catholics of that district. It will also be a companion to large schools which were erected adjacent to the present site about seven years ago. The worship in Blackstock street was first commenced by the Rev. R. Vandepitte, a missionary from Flanders, about five years ago, and it is estimated that not less than 5,000 persons now attend divine service in that shed every Sunday, and that there are between 11,000 and 12,000 Catholic members on the district books. Under these circumstances, Dr. Goss purchased some waste land in Eldon street, in proximity to the schools, for $1,300, to meet the spiritual wants of the district.

A CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN FOR CAMP FLOYD, UTAH.—A Council of Administration was recently convened a Camp Floyd, Utah, to take into consideration the appointment of a chaplain to the post. It was resolved to make application to Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, for a Catholic priest. Though many of the officers, and a large majority of the enlisted men of the Army belong to the Catholic Church, I do not think there is a chaplain of that denomination in the service. It would be difficult for a Catholic clergyman to find anywhere a field of labor where more good could be accomplished than at Camp Floyd in Utah.

[Utah Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

(Communicated.)

Lecture in Elizabeth, N. J.

On the 16th ult. a lecture was delivered before the "Sarsfield Guard" of Elizabeth City, N. J., by John M. Harrington, Esq., of this city. The capacious Town Hall was filled to overflowing, the platform being occupied by His Honor Mayor Darby. The lecturer was introduced by Capt. Whelan of the Guards in a few appropriate remarks. Gen. Whitehead, Col. Cox and staff, the officers of the Guard, and several other military gentlemen were present in full uniform. The subject of the lecture was "Love of Country," which afforded the eloquent speaker room and scope enough for the display of that fervid and genial order of oratory for which he is so justly distinguished. His allusions to Ireland were characterized by originality and good sense, while his exemplification of the duty and love due to America from native and adopted citizens, was all that could be desired. The audience, too, seemed to sympathize fully with the lecturer, and on many occasions, when he took some happy flight of rhetoric or enunciated his scorn of the "oppressor's wrongs the proud man's contumely," the applause was most enthusiastic. It is seldom the people of Elizabeth have an opportunity of listening to so able a discourse, and it is gratifying to know that they amply appreciated it.

Mr. Harrington, we are glad to learn, is to deliver an Oration on St. Patrick, on the 17th, in the handsome school room attached to St. Bridget's Church, on Avenue B, New York.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.—A lecture will be delivered in the Church of the Transfiguration, corner of Mott and Park streets, Sunday evening, March 6, by the Very Rev. Jeremiah Donovan, D. D., on the necessity of combining a religious with a literary education. The proceeds are for the benefit of the poor under the charge of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Catholic Institutions of our Metropolis.

THE COMMUNITY OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

It is about half a century since the first Convent, or as it is now termed, the Mother-House, of the religious community so well known by the appropriate title of Sisters of Charity, was established at Emmettsburg, in the State of Maryland. At that time the public knew little or nothing of its object, and except by the Catholic portion of the population, the Society was regarded with but slight interest. Of Mrs. E. A. Seton, the foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, it is needless to say anything, but to refer to the results of a life marked in a prominent degree by all those practical virtues and works of charity which are the end and aim of the Community which, under Providence, she was the means of establishing in this country. The work which she so auspiciously commenced, and which, like all such undertakings, was so humble, and, to the eyes of the world, so insignificant in its origin, has extended over a wide field, and the Community has become one of the most effective agents of the Church in the United States. But fifty years have elapsed since the first Convent was organized in this country, yet such has been the wonderful growth of the Society that a large number of schools under its charge have not only been established in the State where it originated, but in other States, and particularly in this city and its environs. The Sisters of Charity, apart from the religious nature of the Society of which they are members, have long enjoyed a high reputation as the instructors of youth, not only among Catholics, but among the members of other religious denominations, no inconsiderable number of whose children have been placed under their tuition and care.

The Community, as its name implies, are devoted to the performance of those great works of Christian charity which are incumbent upon all Catholics, but particularly so on those who have bound themselves by a sacred vow to their performance. In the accomplishment of the objects of the sacred mission on which they have entered, they visit the prisons and the hospitals of the city, they extend relief to the destitute poor, they attend the sick and the dying, to whom they administer the consolations of religion, and they give instruction both of a religious and secular kind to the children who may be entrusted to their care. Everybody who knows anything of the benevolent institutions of New York, has heard of St. Vincent's Hospital, the orphan asylums, and the various parochial schools which have been established by them all over the city under the sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop. We merely allude to these in an introductory way, at this time, as it is our intention to speak of them more in detail hereafter, and to show what has been effected by the Sisters of Charity in the fulfillment of the truly Christian and noble objects for which the Community was called into being.

We have said that it is about half a century since the first Convent of the Sisters of Charity was organized at Emmettsburg, but such were the beneficial results of its operations that before many years elapsed it was found desirable to have a number of the Sisters transferred from the Mother House to New York. This was done, and after their arrival there they entered at once upon the performance of their holy duties, the good effects of which soon became apparent in the rapid increase of the institutions and schools under their care. In 1846 the Community at Emmettsburg deemed it inexpedient to adopt regulations which were found to be inconvenient in their application to the condition of the Sisters in this city, and the Institution of Orphans, of which they had charge. A correspondence took place on this subject between the Superior and the Bishop at that time, which resulted in their Superior allowing both of them as wished to remain in New York, with his entire approbation. A few of the Sisters, acting under this privilege, determined to stay and continue in the good work. Within a very brief period by application of the Bishop the new Community was recognized and approved by the Holy See, which enriched them with all the privileges and indulgences that had been at any time granted to the Community at Emmettsburg.

From that time up to the present their means of efficiency has been largely increased, and they are now in charge of the following Institutions and schools:—

St. Vincent's Hospital, in Eleventh street, near Seventh avenue.

The Industrial School in Forty-second street.

St. Patrick's Female Orphan Asylum in Prince street.

St. Patrick's Male Orphan Asylum in Fifty-first street.

St. Patrick's Parochial School in Mulberry street.

St. Peter's Parochial School in Barclay street.

St. Mary's Parochial School in Grand street.

St. Joseph's Parochial School in Leroy street.

St. James's Parochial School in James st.

The Parochial School connected with the Church of the Transfiguration in Mott street.

St. Bridget's Parochial School in Eighth street.

In the basement of the Church of the Holy Cross a new school was opened this week.

St. Lawrence Parochial School, Yorkville.

St. James Orphan Asylum and Parochial School in Brooklyn.

Parochial School connected with the Church of the Star of the Sea, in Brooklyn.

Then, in addition to the foregoing, there is the Academy of the Holy Cross, in the same building with the Industrial School in Forty-second street; and the Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity, and Academy of Mount St. Vincent, in One Hundred and Fifth street.

Our readers are already aware of the growth and importance of the last named Institution, and that it is the intention of the Community to remove from their present building to that which is now in course of completion on Font Hill, formerly the estate of Mr. Edwin Forrest. As, however, but little is known of the magnificent edifice which is being prepared for their reception, and which will be ready to receive them in the coming July, we intend to devote a considerable portion of our space next week to a description and engraving of the building itself, and of the beautiful locality in which it is situated. The sketch which we have given in regard to the establishment of the Society in this country must, as we have intimated, be considered simply in the light of a brief introductory to the detailed account which we intend to publish hereafter of the different institutions and schools under the management and care of the Sisters in this city and its environs.

THE IDOLATRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A LECTURE BY DR. J. V. HUNTINGTON.

Mozart Hall was filled, as usual, last Sunday evening, to hear this lecture, the last but one of the course. The other attractions of the evening—the concert at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and the lecture of the Rev. Dr. Donovan at St. Peter's, the latter on a subject calculated to draw off the entire Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the staunchest supporters of lectures in the city—had evidently taken away many; but their place was supplied by others. We noticed a great number of faces by no means familiar in our lecture rooms, and had there been no competition, it may safely be affirmed that the hall would have been crowded to its utmost capacity. It was a frequent subject of remark that this result ought to be very gratifying to the lecturers. We may here mention that next Sunday evening—which is the last lecture of the course—the place of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, who has been obliged to forego the delivery of a second lecture, will be filled by Dr. Ives, with a lecture somewhat celebrated in other places, on "The Protestant Claim to the Right of Private Judgment."

Dr. Huntington began by a brief sketch of the idolatry of the Old World, "between the Deluge of Noah and the coming of Christ; between the waters of the flood and the waters of baptism." It was a beautiful, magnificent and imposing idolatry. We might suppose that the idolatrous world was not also a highly civilized one; on the contrary, the old idolatry comprehended in its vast scope all the grand old empires—Asyria, Persia, Egypt, Macedon, and the dominion of the Cæsars; all the mighty cities—Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Seleucia, Alexandria, Athens, Rome; all the philosophers—Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Epicurus; all the poets—Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Virgil, Horace; the dramatists—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophares, Terence; the orators—Demosthenes, Æschines, Cicero; the law-givers—Solon, Lycurgus, Numa; the mighty captains—Cyrus, Lesartis, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar. It comprehended the chisel of Phidias and the pencil of Apelles; the mathematical genius of Euclid and Archimedes; the commercial greatness of Carthage and of Tyre; the admirable organization of the Grecian colonies, and the stupendous fabric of the Roman empire, the greatest master-piece of government the world ever saw.

By whom, then, was the true and living God anciently known and worshipped? Here lay the great contrast of the ancient world. It was an obscure pastoral and agricultural Syrian tribe. With the early ancestors of this obscure people God had talked face to face, as a man talks with his friend. Their temple (for, unlike other nations, they had but *one*) contained no image of God, but in its inmost and veiled recesses there dwelt a mysterious light—a shadow by day and a flame by night—which attested His peculiar and real presence. Their law was dictated by His lips; their worship was ordained by His will; their prophets were filled with His inspiration. This people, which possessed no orators, no generals, no philosophers, no artists, had three things no other people had—priests, and prophets, and saints! [Applause.] Its oracles were not like the lying voices of Delphos and Iodona, but alike clear and infallible. The predictions of its Samuels and its Isaiahs were verified to the letter by the event, and the fire fell from Heaven to consume and to ratify the burnt offerings of its Aarons and its Elijahs! [Applause.]

By the idolatry of the Nineteenth Century he did not mean the nations who still worshipped Brahma, Vishnu, Siva and Buddha, or the Grand Lama of Thibet; nor did he mean those whom Protestant tracts and anniversary speeches and religious newspapers charged with it, the poor Papists! Idolatry was incompatible with that energetic faith in the Invisible which all conceded to be the Catholic characteristic. Was it credible that a damnable and carnal sin like idolatry should spring from the excess of a theological virtue, so that if you believe some, you shall be saved, but if you believe a little more than that, you shall be damned? [Laughter and applause.] Nor did he mean the prevailing love of money. This was only the gross, palpable idolatry of the age, behind which lay an esoteric idolatry, a metaphysical theory, known to the philosophers of the Nineteenth Century. That century believed in no golden age but the present, no Paradise, no Eden lost; for before all such, in its estimation, the age which has discovered the electric telegraph, invented steamboats and railroads, created the independent press and the art of successful advertising. [Laughter.] He illustrated various features of the age in a manner to elicit frequent cheers and bursts of merriment from the audience. The electric telegraph, astronomy, the comet, The Ledger, the corruption of the ballot-box, came in for their share, with spiritual rappings, &c. The nineteenth century was rich in these things, but it was poor in great thoughts, in great deeds, and in great men. Humanity made a nobler progress, after all, when it erected the temples of Luxor, whose beauty and magnificence and poetic symbolism to this day form the wonder and delight of the traveller, than when it built the Great Eastern steamship or the Liverpool and Manchester railway. The idolatry of the Old World was sublime in comparison with ours. The only real antagonist of the Naturalism to which our idolatry might be reduced was the Catholic Church. This point was developed in an elaborate and rhetorical peroration, the lecturer concluding amid hearty and prolonged applause. It was a highly successful lecture.

Lecture at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on Sunday, 27th February, by Very Rev. J. Donovan, D.D.

We had the gratification of attending Dr. Donovan's Lecture on Sunday at St. Peter's Catholic Church in Barclay street, on "The Exalted Dignity of Christian Charity, and its Practical Illustration by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul." The spacious edifice was crowded on the occasion with attentive and pleased listeners, many of whom were in attendance long before the time announced. The Very Rev. preacher confined himself to the division of his subject previously announced, and after an appropriate and eloquent exordium, entered into an able exposition of the exalted dignity of Christian charity. This he did by depicting in lively colors the miseries of our fallen nature, both spiritual and temporal, under the various heads of ignorance, vice, folly, poverty, disease, etc., etc., all of which he traced to their source, primeval transgression; and next, finding in Christian Charity the principal alleviation of those evils, he thence drew his first proof of its exalted dignity, clothing his ideas in rich and glowing language. Ascending still higher, even to the contemplation of the attributes of the Deity, as presented to us by natural and revealed religion, he pointed out the utter impossibility of their approximation by man otherwise than by the exercise of Christian Charity.

From this first part of his discourse he next made a natural and easy transition to the illustration of Christian charity by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, commencing with a brief, unadorned statement of the origin and objects of the society. Its origin he traced historically and chronologically; and its objects he said were, as far as its constitution contemplates, the spiritual and temporal relief of the sick and the indigent, the enlightenment of ignorance, the diffusion of knowledge, the protection of innocence, the correction of vice, visiting the poor in their own houses, in the prisons and the hospitals, &c., &c. To use the preacher's own words, "The Society of St. Vincent of Paul, in the aptitude of its beneficence, regards no work of charity as alien to it, as far as is found compatible with the essential character of the Institution." From these premises, largely and feelingly developed, the Very Rev. Dr. drew the practical illustration of the exalted dignity of Christian charity by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul as a natural and a necessary consequence. The Very Rev. preacher concluded by exhorting his hearers "to uphold the great and good work of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and particularly their own branch of the Society, the district conference of St. Peter's." As to the delivery of the sermon, it was graceful, appropriate and dignified, such as might be reasonably expected from an *Emeritus* Professor. One circumstance we had nearly forgotten, which was the Doctor's allusion to the generous and noble conduct of America towards Ireland at the time of the famine, which conduct, so honorable to American generosity, he adduced as a further illustration of the exalted dignity of Christian Charity.

OUR LEGISLATIVE BODIES.

NATIONAL.

SENATE.—As the close of the session approaches the members, with the laudable intention of making up for lost time, work far into the night. "The wee sma' hours ayant the twa'," finds these hard working Senators busy, and yet even with the extra session that has been called, we doubt if all the important bills will be settled before they adjourn. The acquisition of Cuba has occupied the attention of the Senate, but with no definite result. Mr. Wilson offered an amendment to the bill, to the effect that "it is not the policy of the United States to despoil any nation of her possessions, however rich and valuable," and goes on to say that we only want to establish friendly and commercial relations with Cuba, and that it is desirable that all illiberal and unjust restrictions on commerce be repealed, and that the sum of fifty thousand dollars be appropriated to defray the necessary expenses of such a negotiation. Mr. Mallory contended that the destruction of the slave trade would surely follow from the acquisition of Cuba, and quoted Jefferson's opinion, that if we were justified in going to war for the acquisition of any territory, it would be for Cuba. Mr. Seward declared that having wasted nine hours in the discussion of this subject, it was advisable to return to the great question of the day, and that is, "land for the landless." Mr. Slidell rose, but Mr. Seward refused to yield the floor, and maintained his ground. After a lengthy and animated debate, in which the President came in for an incidental rebuke, it was decided to withdraw the bill till next session. The Army Appropriation bill was passed. In the debate on the Post Office Appropriation bill some strange revelations were made, showing where the profits derived from contracts go.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The Post Office Appropriation bill gave rise to a long and not particularly interesting debate, in the course of which Mr. Garnett stated that the expenses of the Post Office Department increased at the rate of a million a year, and that it was impossible to say where they would stop. He proposed that the Postmaster General's appropriations for next year do not exceed the amount of the present year. A very exciting conversation took place as to whether the Postmaster General owned land on the route of the Overland Mail, some affirming that he did, and attributing the selection of that route to personal motives, others contending that his land was not within eighty miles of the route, but lay on the Mississippi. Mr. Florence, on the authority of the Postmaster himself, denied that his land touched anywhere near the route. In the debate on the Naval Appropriation bill Mr. Sherman moved that the three millions one hundred thousand dollars for repairs, &c., be reduced to one million nine hundred thousand, and that one million of this be expended on repairs and the rest on hemp and other materials. Mr. Phelps considered that in the present condition of affairs the navy ought not to be curtailed and hinted that there might soon be employment for them in the Gulf. An amendment reducing the expenses of the ten navy yards to one million three hundred thousand dollars was concurred in and the bill passed.

STATE.

SENATE.—There is very little of interest before the House, but there is diversity enough to make amends. Among the bills taken up was one to increase the powers and duties of public administrators, which Mr. Ely denounced as a cunning device for a petit larceny movement. The bill provides that money lying unclaimed for six years shall fall to the State.

ASSEMBLY.—A bill to prohibit the use of the shower-bath and whip as a punishment in our prisons was voted down. A bill for protecting the rights and liberties of the citizens of the State of New York was reported favorably. This bill will, if passed, virtually annul the Fugitive Slave act. One of its provisions deprives any lawyer who appears as council for the claimant of a slave of the right of practicing in any court in the State, and any officer arresting a slave will be fined from one to five thousand dollars and imprisoned from two to ten years.

IRISH MANUFACTURES—POPLINS—By the Prince Albert was received at the office of the American Express Company, No. 64 Broadway, a lot of samples of Irish Poplins, the most beautiful fabric of their kind ever brought to this country, ranging in price from $1 to $15 per yard. Among them are specimens of the dresses manufactured for the Queen of England and Empress of France. It is the wish of Mr. Lever and his associates connected with the Galway line of steamers, both in Ireland and this country, to aid the manufacturing interests of the former country, and increase the trade of both. An emporium for the exclusive sale of Irish fabrics is contemplated in this city, and if the proper parties can be found to engage in it, the necessary arrangements can be made at once. Every patriotic Irish lady in New York should at once order at least one dress by way of "opening the ball."

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of this body will be held on the 7th inst. at the rooms No. 809 Broadway. An address and essay will be delivered on the occasion, which, like all public meetings of the association, will be interesting to all who may attend.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my aid and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
† JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... $3 00
Price per year served by mail..... 2 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2 00

To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for $3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be $3 50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
To transient advertisers....12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1859.

THE WAR-QUAKE IN EUROPE.

The last three or four months must have been exceedingly profitable to the couriers of diplomacy on the continent of Europe and to the editors of papers everywhere. A question of impending war is one which requires to be treated by those on whom the responsibility will rest with great promptness and wise calculation. Public Opinion is now one of the sovereigns of the world and the Press is its universal ambassador. Of course the greatest number of words have fallen to the lot not of the couriers, but of the editors, and the occasion for a multiplied use of them is always profitable to the newspapers when the importance of the case is likely to command the attention of readers.

Is there to be war or peace? Time only can answer this question truly; but in advance of the result it may not be unprofitable to survey the grounds which are regarded as data for the speculations of statesmen, politicians, crowned heads and plenipotentiaries. We pretend to no light upon the subject which is not common to all, and yet we confess and proclaim that from the beginning of these speculations up to this time, we never have had the slightest apprehension of anything like a general outbreak or European war. Troubles there have been, no doubt, but we think that if any one will seriously contemplate the condition of the different countries in Europe, he will perceive at once from his own inspection that their governments have nothing to gain by war, but everything to lose, and that the probability is that the party coming out conqueror from such a contest would be the one that should ultimately suffer the most. At present the question is supposed to be between France and Austria. Every one knows what France is—a nation eminent in many respects, but cherishing a hereditary thirst for military glory. Every one knows what the present Ruler of France is—a man placed in a most perilous and responsible position, whether by the permission of Divine Providence, or by the superiority of his own isolated, and, they say, mysterious talent and genius. Under such circumstances it is obvious that, from time to time, either actual war must take place to feed the appetite of the nation itself, or that rumors of war must be disseminated among the people, with the understanding that they shall be convinced of the safety of French interests, French honor and French gallantry by the wisdom and courage of the Government under which they live. And this is not a bad substitute in the absence of real gunpowder. Still these are delicate questions, and sometimes, even where it is not intended, the honor of such a gallant people may become so far committed that to recede would be next to impossible.

The ground of the difficulty to outsiders is supposed to be in the northern portion of Italy under the Government of Austria. Sardinia comes in for a certain petty portion of responsibility in the threatened contest, but every one knows that, without the support of France, Sardinia would be helpless. Austria, on the other hand, is too little spoken of in our papers except to be denounced next in order to the sovereignty of Naples, and yet Austria of all the nations of Europe at the present day supports her position and her cause, so far as we can understand, with a dignity that actually entitles her to our deep and thorough respect. She does not, to our knowledge, rely upon newspapers, but she knows her own rights and she supplies her fortresses while others are talking and writing about her affairs, oftentimes without any real knowledge of her position and circumstances. In the Press of Western Europe, Austria, like Naples, appears to be tabooed, while it is her policy to answer the editorial speculations of newspapers not by newspaper threatenings, but by the more forcible arguments from the cannon's mouth. It is a mistake to suppose that Austria is a weak power—she is strong, and she knows it. It is a great blunder in the speculations of wise men to imagine that Russia will ever side against her in a contest with either France or England, and one in which she would also have the German Confederation at her back, for Prussia has not forgotten the devastations of the Nephew's Uncle. But we have never believed that Napoleon the Third has, or has had, the slightest idea of going to war with Austria in the sense of a clashing of arms. A little excitement has been necessary, and he has said enough taken together with what he has not said to create an impression that unless he should be soothed, war was inevitable. Austria has no doubt many faults as an Empire, but taking it altogether, with a better knowledge than our newspapers give us, it is a grand, dignified and noble old Empire.

Next to Austria, we are most in ignorance in regard to the Government and Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The sovereign of that nation has been called King Bomba, and that is argument enough for children and for people who know nothing of the real state of his kingdom. To us Catholics, it is known that, whatever may be the faults of his administration, he was the first to render a service calculated to win our respect and good wishes, and that what he left undone was well accomplished by the President of the French Republic at that time in arranging the affairs of the capital of the Christian world. The King of Naples rendered to the Sovereign Pontiff those rights of hospitality which the British Empire plumes itself on extending to every one needing succor, or who by political revolutions might be obliged to fly from his own country. There was no attention, no mark of reverence, no kindness, that one sovereign state could render to the chief of another that was not lavished freely on Pius the Ninth by the Sovereign and Government of Naples. We are not advocates for any abuses in his Government; at the same time, with perhaps a better knowledge of that Government and of its policy than others have, we are far from falling in with the common notion that the King of Naples is sort of monster in civilized Europe.

As yet we have not said a word in reference to the power that usually is looked upon as deciding every contest on the Continent, according to the scale into which it throws its weight. We refer to England. Now, as regards the position of England in the midst of these agitating questions—which we believe and trust will end in smoke without fire, if that be possible—that country begins to show her hand. A great mistake of our superficial surveyors of political events, especially in Europe, is a certain large measure of confidence which they placed in the solemn statements of high government officials. We read the Queen's speech, and the speech of the Emperor Napoleon, the speeches of Count Morny and Lord Derby, as if they were really the sentiments entertained by the speakers themselves, or the governments which they represent. But this is a great mistake. These rulers and statesmen know already that the enlightened portion of mankind will receive their statements just for what they are worth, and that is oftentimes nothing at all, and occasionally not much more than nothing. Lord Derby, for instance, vindicates the Government of Austria in its rule of the Provinces of Venice and Lombardy, and after having employed a great many words, he takes occasion to say that "the only plague spot on the Italian peninsula is the States of the Church." From this remark any one who knows the duplicity of statesmen will immediately infer that Lord Derby is preparing for some stroke of policy directly the reverse of the natural meaning of his charge. In our remembrance, more bitter articles against the Catholics were never printed than those which were published under the sanction of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, while in their private cabinet they were concocting the bill for Catholic emancipation. These denunciations were intended to lull the bigotry of the English people, and to inspire them with a right loyal confidence in the Ministers at that time as the very quintessence of English Protestantism. Lord John Russell, when a Cardinal was appointed, wrote his famous Durham letter, but not in this spirit. He was aware that if he did not take the wind out of his rival's sails by such a document, Lord Derby would have published something of the same kind, and displaced the little Minister from his high chair of office. But there is something exceedingly significant in the fact that while Lord Derby was uttering the language already quoted in the British Parliament, the Prince of Wales, the future King of Great Britain, was making his approaches to the very throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, not, however, without exciting some suspicions on the part of the Stolids of England that he was getting too near the centre of Catholicity.

What, then, to sum up briefly, may be considered as our opinion on the present state of affairs in Europe, for, although we do not count in the decision of such great questions, nevertheless we think it important for the readers of the RECORD to understand, so far as we ourselves know, what is the real state of European affairs, so that they may form a judgment worthy of conscientious and well informed men? Our inference is that there will be no war, but our other inference is that Lord Derby is preparing to re-establish diplomatic relations between the government of Great Britain and that of the Holy Father; and that if he should succeed, it will be to some extent tolerated, if not approved by the English people, so full of hereditary bigotry. We believe this, because his official words were that "the Papal States are the plague-spot of Italy," and it follows that if he cure "the plague-spot" even by establishing diplomatic relations with the Holy See, every Englishman will smoot his bosom and say, "the plague-spot is n more—we, the British people, have seen t that: Lord Derby was the first to observ it, and, having pointed it out, we have a plied the remedy."

THE SAVINGS OF THRIFT AND I DUSTRY.

We have before us a small pamphlet some six pages, which, for the lessons inculcates, is worth whole volumes of ph losophical essays on the science of poli cal, or any other kind of economy. W doubt, indeed, if there is any publicati which has during the past year issu from the New York press, so full of couragement for honest industry, and replete with example to that large cla which exists in every community, wh improvidence is the prolific source of b social and physical suffering. The pu cation we refer to is the Eighth Ann Report of the Emigrant Industrial Savi Bank, an institution which, in our opini is, in its character and purposes, on the most benevolent and meritorious the country. Economists may theorize much as they please, and descant at len upon their favorite topic, but the depo ors in the Chambers street Bank have d better, for they have proved that there no calling—no matter how humble- which something may not be saved placed to the credit account of the wor

According to the report referred to, whole number of depositors in the E grant Industrial Savings Bank is thousand seven hundred and five, of w two thousand one hundred and fifty-s are natives of Ireland, and one, strang say, was born at sea. The employmen the depositors embraces nearly all cupations, while those industrial purs which are unjustly regarded by som the humblest and least important, fur the large majority of the institut creditors. Thus we find that there upon its books two hundred and fifty-t laborers, three hundred and twenty-on mestics, eighty-two seamstresses, one dred and thirty-three clerks, eighty- porters, fifty-seven shoemakers, sixt tailors, twenty-eight washers, twenty pedlers, while the rest of the list is up for the most part of bakers, bar bookbinders, charcoal dealers, dress ers, machinists, plasterers, weavers, cutters, turners, waiters—in fact, of sons from all the various branches dustry. The deposits have been made time to time in sums varying from o ten thousand dollars, but the gr number of deposits consists of sum from ten to twenty dollars.

The whole amount received in the of deposits during the year 1858 $1,081,314 15, which, added to $ 530 09, the amount in Bank at the report for 1857, and $86 405 83, the est received in 1858, make a grand t $2,577,250 07. During the year 18 money paid to depositors amounted to 774[illegible]42, and while the necessary ex of the institution, were $8,524 27, deducted from the total, as above left $1,695,951 38 in bank to the cr depositors at the beginning of the year.

Are we not, in view of such a gra exhibit as that presented in the fo

array of figures, justified in calling the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank a benevolent institution. Every thousand dollars placed on its books is so much added to the credit of industry, not only in a pecuniary sense, but in the feeling of independence which it gives. Among those, as we have shown, to whom the Institution is so largely indebted, are domestics, laborers, and a large number of others whose wages might in many cases be considered insufficient to supply even the ordinary wants of life, and yet some of these have thousands of dollars entered to their credit on its books. We know ourselves of a poor woman who has to support herself and two children by washing and occasional house-cleaning, and who has not only done this out of earnings that have seldom exceeded five dollars a week, and have never averaged more than three and a half. We have not only seen her do this, but we know that she has a very considerable sum invested in the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank. For years and years she has struggled against the most adverse poverty, and yet, poor and humble as her condition in life has always been, she has never lost that feeling of self-respect and independence which is, perhaps, as rare among the lofty as among the lowly.

And yet how many such cases are to be found in the history of this bank—cases that do more to elevate human nature than all that romancist or novelist ever dreamed of. The heroes and heroines whose names are recorded in its books are not of that class on which the imagination of the sentimental reader delights to dwell; they belong to the plodding, hard-working, enduring ranks of labor, whose battle of life is made up of those hard every-day realities from the very contemplation of which the novel loving portion of the public would turn away in disgust. Yet who is there that, looking on the right side of things, would exchange such heroes and heroines for those whose adventures have taken up so much of the valuable time and attention and sympathy of that community to which we have referred? Viewing this matter in its right light, we know of no work of fiction that is to be compared with this report, and we are aware of none that is better calculated for the inculcation of lessons of self-respect, of thrift and of independence.

PEOPLE'S COURTS FOR NEW YORK.

It is gratifying to see among the immense mass of bills which are enacted yearly by our State Legislature an occasional one that promises to be of actual service to the people. Perhaps in nothing do our legislators surpass those of other civilized countries more than in the prolific nature of their legislative powers. They seem to be acting constantly under the conviction that the great object for which legislative bodies were instituted is to make as many laws as the time that is not consumed in discussing them will admit; and at the end of each session the public are referred in a triumphant manner to the large number of enactments that have been made, as a signal refutation of the charge of neglecting the public business. Perhaps it is to the remarkable facility which they possess in making laws that we are indebted for the many legal contradictions with which our courts of justice are sometimes so sorely puzzled and bewildered. However that may be, it is, as we have said, gratifying to see an occasional bill that promises to be a benefit to the public.

Of this character is a bill for the establishment of People's Courts in this city, and which, as appears from the proceedings in the State Legislature, has been reported favorably in the Assembly. These courts, according to the report, are to have jurisdiction in all cases where suits are instituted for the recovery of amounts under fifteen dollars. Now, although litigation is an evil that should be avoided as much as possible, it is sometimes very necessary, and when it does not exceed in its injurious effects the injustice and dishonesty which it is intended to counteract, we would be the last to counsel people against endeavoring to right a wrong by appealing to the courts, when no other justifiable means of redress are open to them. Law has been, and is still such an expensive commodity, however, that except to those who have plenty of the world's wealth, it is little better than a dead letter. We are speaking now in regard to the recovery of debt, which to the poor has always been a most difficult matter, for the simple reason, as we have intimated, that to them law is too expensive to be appealed to except in cases of great extortion or dishonesty. What chance, for instance, has a poor laborer with his six or seven dollars—or, we should say, without it—against the fraudulent employer whose wealth can procure the highest legal talent—what chance has he for the recovery of his hard earned wages? None whatever, for if he should succeed in obtaining a judgment in his favor in one of the lower courts, can he be certain that in the event of an appeal being made by his opponent to a higher tribunal, the judgment made in his favor would be sustained?

Thousands of dollars have been lost to the rightful owners through the inequalities and defects of our legal system, and the poor plaintiff in a suit has, on this account, never been fairly matched in the contest with the wealthy but dishonest defendant. We trust that such an unjust state of things will exist no longer than is necessary to have it rectified, and that our State Legislature will not adjourn before it passes the bill for the establishment of Courts that will do so much toward putting the rights of the poor debtor, at least on an equal footing with those of the wealthy claimant.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.
DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

The following are the regulations for Lent for the present year:

1. All the "week days" of Lent, from Ash-Wednesday till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation.

2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But, by *dispensation*, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese, at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent from the first Sunday until Palm Sunday.

3. The use of flesh meat is not allowed on Thursday next after Ash-Wednesday.

4. The abstinence from flesh meat on Palm Sunday, which has hitherto been observed in this diocese, is dispensed with; also, on the following Tuesday, although in Holy Week, the faithful are allowed, by *dispensation*, to use flesh meat at the principal meal.

5. There is neither fast nor abstinence to be observed on Sundays of Lent.

6. It is not allowed to use fish with flesh meat at the same meal.

7. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with.

8. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting, (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like,) the following classes of persons: 1st, the infirm; 2d, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; 3d, persons who are only attaining their growth; 4th, women in pregnancy, or nursing infants; 5th, those who are enfeebled by old age.

But these persons should be persuaded on just grounds that they are entitled to exemption from the precept—so that their not observing it may give no offence to their own consciences, nor scandal to their neighbor. For this purpose, if they have any doubt, they will do well to consult their spiritual director, or their physician. They should, however, cherish the *interior spirit* of this holy season, the same as if they were able to comply with the exterior observance of fasting and mortification, a spirit of sorrow and compunction for sin, a spirit of prayer and recollection. This is the duty of *all*, and without this the fast itself would be rejected by God.

The public religious exercises during Lent, in the churches of the city, to commence each evening at seven o'clock, will be:—

On Monday, in the Church of the Nativity and Assumption (German,) and St. Michael's.

On Tuesday, in St. James', St. Joseph's, St. Vincent de Paul's (French,) and Holy Cross.

On Wednesday, at St. Peter's, Most Holy Redeemer's (German,) St. Francis Assisium, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Anne's, and Annunciation, Manhattanville.

On Thursday, in the Cathedral, St. Andrew's, St. Stephen's, St. Columba's, St. Bridget's, St. Alphonsus, and St. Laurence, Yorkville.

On Friday, in St. Mary's, Transfiguration, St. Nicholas, Most Holy Redeemer, Immaculate Conception, B. V. M., and St. Boniface (German.)

By order of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

F. McNEIRNY, Secretary.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1859.

DIOCESE OF NEWARK.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, will fall, in this year, on the 9th day of March.

1. Every day during Lent, except Sunday, is a day of fast on one meal, which should not be taken before mid-day, with the allowance of a moderate collation in the evening.

2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat, but by *dispensation*, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this Diocese at every meal on Sunday, and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent, except the Thursday after Ash Wednesday, and Holy Thursday.

3. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with. Fish is not to be used at the same meals at which flesh meat is allowed. Butter, or if necessary lard may be used in dressing fish or vegetables.

4. All persons over seven years of age are bound to abstain from the use of flesh meat, and all over twenty-one to fast according to the above regulation, unless there be a legitimate cause of exemption. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting, but not from that of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like, the following classes of persons: 1st, the infirm; 2d, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; 3d, women in pregnancy, or nursing infants; 4th, those who are enfeebled by old age. In case of doubt in regard to any of the above exemptions, recourse must be had to one's spiritual director, or physician.

All alike, however, should enter into the spirit of this holy season, which is, in a special manner, a time of prayer and sorrow for sin, of almsgiving and mortification.

By order of the Right Reverend Bishop.

GEO. H. DOANE, Sec'y.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, Feb. 21, A.D. 1859.

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.

The regulations of Lent for the Diocese of Hartford continue the same as formerly, viz:

All the week days of Lent are fasting days of obligation on one meal only; custom, however, has authorized the use of a slight collation in the evening, and of a cup of tea or coffee in the morning. Though the fast also implies abstinence, yet, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed at all times on Sundays, and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent.

Lard in cooking, eggs, butter and cheese are permitted, provided that the laws of quantity are observed; flesh and fish, however, are not allowed at the same meal.

Women pregnant or nursing, the sick, the aged and feeble, children under twenty-one years old, and those whose employment is of a laborious and exhausting character, are excused from the obligation of fasting, but not from that of abstinence.

The usual evening exercises of Lent, consisting of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament are recommended.

†F. P. McFARLAND,
Bishop of Hartford.

THE PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

A SERMON BY THE REV. E. J. SOURIN, S. J.

Delivered for the Benefit of the Young Catholic Friends' Society of Philadelphia, Sunday, February 20, in St. John's Church.

[Reported exclusively for the Metropolitan Record.]

On the evening of Sunday, the 20th of February, the Rev. E. J. Sourin, S. J., who was formerly attached to St. John's Church, Philadelphia, but who was called to another field of active duty about three years ago, delivered an eloquent but feeling sermon to one of the largest congregations which has ever assembled within the walls of that sacred edifice.

While in Philadelphia Father Sourin greatly endeared himself to the congregation over whom he was pastor, and many a heart sorrowed at his departure.

The Young Catholic Friends' Society, which has already accomplished much substantial good, prevailed upon Mr. Sourin to deliver to his former congregation a discourse, which they knew would be the means of adding immensely to the efficiency of this Society. The occasion, therefore, was one of unusual interest to the Catholics of Philadelphia, who eagerly embraced this opportunity of listening once more to one of the most accomplished and eloquent clergymen of the Catholic Church in the United States:

You need hardly be reminded, my much respected friends and Christian brethren, that the contributions of this day are to be placed in the treasury of one of those benevolent institutions which in this and other parts of the country have proved themselves worthy of the confidence and generous support of the Catholic community. Would to Heaven, especially at this hour, that such associations existed in every city and in every village of the land. Where noble deeds speak for words are needed, and elaborate arguments are not required. They who have read, from time to time, the reports of these benevolent associations, know and rejoice in the knowledge that they have not labored in vain. Even in the Capitol of the Union a similar association within the last five years has had the happiness to relieve substantially more than six hundred children. It has furnished them with clothing, books, and the means of education.

In Baltimore I have reason to hope and believe that a far greater amount of good has been accomplished. In this city, amidst constant contributions to almost every imaginable object of divine charity—to the two Orphan Asylums, Widow's Asylum, Home of the Good Shepherd, the Ecclesiastical Seminary, Hospital, Cathedral, the building of new Houses and Churches, to the repair of the Churches already standing, and to the wants of Bishops from many parts of the United States, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and, though last we might say first of all to the glorious University of Ireland, an account of which only last week I read in an English paper, which stated that it stands second to no university in the United Kingdom—in the midst of your contributions to these and other charitable objects, your Society for the relief of the young, since the day of its establishment, has found means to provide for the wants of from seven hundred to one thousand children.

They have furnished these young and beloved children of God also with clothing, with the means of attending school during the week and on the Lord's day, thus placing them in the way of becoming useful men, true Christians—to be a consolation to their parents, a blessing to the Church, and an honor to their native land. It is evident to every one who reflects, that in the prosecution of these and similar noble deeds, their treasury must be empty or nearly exhausted. Such is the case at this moment; yet their divine occupation had not ceased. The work still continues; the work of salvation, that great work which is always going on, will no doubt continue to the last great day, when assembled before the judgment seat of Christ we will all understand how much our eternal happiness depended upon charity to the poor, and particularly to that portion of the poor who are the objects of the zeal, labors and disinterestedness of the Young Catholics' Friends' Society.

Again: my brethren, the very Gospel pointed out for this Sunday, at the commence-

ment of a penitential season—a time, therefore, set apart in an especial manner for good works, for alms-deeds and charity to the poor—inculcates in the most urgent manner this great truth, that we are not to be idlers in the Kingdom of our God. It has been beautifully said that there are no lookers on in this world but God and his angels. The words of your Saviour do more than to confirm you in your past celebrated disposition for charity, and at the same time encourage you to persevere as long as these venerable walls stand to bear testimony to your Christian generosity.

I will now offer you some reflections on the Gospel of the day, and I trust that our dispositions, whilst listening to it, will be such as to confirm us in the conviction that to love God we must be workers in His house as well as worshippers. The text is taken from the 20th chapter of St. Matthew, and is as follows:

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a master of a family who went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vinyard.

And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vinyard.

And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market place.

And he said to them: Go you also into my vinyard, and I will give you what shall be just.

And they went their way. And again he went out about the sixth and the ninth hour, and did in like manner.

But about the seventh hour he went out, and found others standing; and he saith to them: Why stand ye here all the day idle?

They say to him, because no man hath hired us. He saith to them: Go you also into my vinyard.

And when evening was come, the lord of the vinyard saith to his steward, Call the laborers and pay them their hire, beginning with the last even to the first.

When, therefore, they came, who had come about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

But when the first also came, they thought that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

And when they received *it* they murmured against the master of the house.

Saying: These last have worked *but* one hour, and you hast made them equal to us that have borne the burden of the day and the heats.

But he, answering one of them, said: Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst thou not agree with me for a penny?

Take what is thine and go thy way; I will also give to this last even as to thee.

Or is it not lawful for me to do what I will? Is thy eye evil because I am good?

So shall the last be first, and the first last. For many are called, but few chosen."

Not only by his miracles, which, like so many rays of light, manifested the divine character and power of Him who performed them, but also, my brethren, in many parables was our Redeemer pleased to make known to us the end and the destiny of his Church on earth. The Kingdom of Heaven, the Kingdom of God—such are the two most familiar expressions employed in this volume to distinguish the Church from all other institutions, which our Redeemer himself does not hesitate to use even when speaking of the trials and persecutions to which the Church in its present earthly state is so often subjected. Into this Church all men are invited to enter; for, after having in the first place redeemed us from sin and the eternal punishment due thereto, the great object of our Saviour's mission was to establish a spiritual kingdom, a universal church, called together, as the very expression signifies, out of all nations to extend its limits and authority, from age to age, until the end of time.

There has been no generation of men which has not received this divine invitation. There has been no age of the world in which the voice of the Lord has not been heard urging mankind to love truth, to hate injustice, to seek after and to serve Him of whom the inspired David said: "The Heavens show forth the Glory of God and the firmament declares the works of His hands." Every day and every night, in its own manner, proclaims the Redeemer's glory. To be still more explicit, St. Paul tells us in the first chapter in his Epistle to the Romans: "The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

Those are inexcusable who turn a deaf ear or harden their hearts against that voice, whether they live under the Old Testament or under the new, whether called in the morning of life or in the sixth, ninth or eleventh hour. Let us then beg of God to-day, that, while we are here assembled for a deed of substantial charity, and likewise to adore Him, our God, that if any of us be in that disposition of mind, we will now commence with the preparation for the glorious season of Lent, resolved to listen and hear, that we may be saved.

The day referred to in the parable has been understood by many of the ancient Fathers as including the whole period from the beginning to the end of the world—the evening of that day being the last general judgment, when all men shall receive their reward, be it for good or evil. It is also understood as signifying that great day of salvation, which commenced with the Incarnation of Christ Jesus. It may be well understood, for it helps you to see how a single expression of God's word may abound with interest. It is also understood as the day in which we are constantly invited by the Holy Spirit to work out our salvation with great earnestness, yet with filial confidence in a God whose very nature is goodness, whose name is charity, whose law is justice, whose promises, therefore, can never be broken.

In the parable, the hours of the day have been marked out. The morning of the world extends from the creation of Adam to the time of Noah; the other hours were the periods extending from the time of Noah to the Call of Abraham, and from that time to the appearance of Moses, when God took from all the heathen nations those whom he organized into a church and made them in a special manner his own. The next period extends from the time of Moses to that of Jesus Christ; and the eleventh hour is the one in which we live—extending from the appearance of our Saviour to save us until he comes again to judge us. We are at this moment in the enjoyment of those blessings which a God-man purchased for us by his blood. Let us employ these blessings and treasure up the moments of this last hour that when we come to stand before our God to be judged he may recognize us as his own, and reward us accordingly. In all these hours man could have been saved, no matter what the amount of wickedness existing, if he had listened to the word of God.

According to St. John the Baptist, some are called, as soon as they enter into this world, and made perfect unto the end. St. Paul, St. Augustine, and multitudes of others, hear the invitations when their day is well nigh half over. We must each perform his lot in accordance with God's will, whether it be to labor through the long day bearing the burden, or only part of it. That there are many, and will be even to the end of time, who in that one hour, will do as much for God, and receive as bright a recompense, as they that have labored all their lives in the cause of truth, charity and peace, is what the Saviour desires to impress upon our hearts. He desires us to bear it constantly in mind that it is not the amount of labor nor the length of time, but the zeal and love with which we have served him, that will entitle us to his divine regard. On that day, when He will spread fourth His arms to the early-called and the late repentant, to the weak and strong, he will extend to all who have served Him faithfully this invitation: "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundations of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was naked and you clothed me; I was sick and in prison and you visited me. Because you have been faithful over a few things, enter into the joy of the Lord." But, Christian brethren, on that day there will be no murmuring amongst the elect of Christ Jesus, but with one burst of everlasting gratitude and of enduring love they will ascend to the eternal home in the presence and employment of their God.

Now, we know it is a most certain truth that it is in the power of each one here to earn that divine welcome, that heavenly blessing. Do you ask how? I reply to you, by endeavoring to walk in the footsteps of Christ Jesus, who was described by one of his blessed evangelists as "Jesus of Nazereth, who went about doing good to all." Far more than by his preaching and miracles, far more than by his daily toil and patient suffering, did he work out the salvation of the world. It has been truly said (I would to heaven that the declaration could be written on the heart of every Christian) that "Jesus Christ saved the world more by suffering than by action—more by self-denial than by those splendid works which had made the people exclaim, 'Never was the like seen in Israel before.'" Here is the very secret of the Christian life. The most perfect way of imitating Christ and earning our heavenly recompense is *to do good and practice self-denial*. This is not said for the present passing occasion, but I wish to have it firmly impressed upon your minds that our Saviour practiced this great and glorious principle in the most parctical and at the same time the most perfect way, by his obedience, humility and charity—an obedience that brought him to meet the stable of Bethlehem and the Cross of Calvary—a humility that led him to become the reproach of men and the outcast of the people—a charity glowing with a love for the salvation of fallen rebel man. This trinity of virtues, which we must for ever adore, and must try to imitate, were ever practiced by the sacred heart of Christ Jesus. Join to these the power to suffer, and you will then have the four corner-stones of that universal temple in which all men are invited to work. You have the four columns of that kingdom which Christ Jesus established—the four cardinal points of that spiritual empire in which, as the Son of God, He reigns supreme—in which, these pages tell us, all nations shall serve Him, and all the kings of the earth shall bow down and serve Him, either as loving subjects or as conquered enemies.

Chose then, to-day, your place in the Temple of Christ, and be willing to suffer now for his sake. You will then be Christians, not only in name, but in spirit and in truth. As Christians and as citizens we should do all in our power to provide for the salvation of the poor and young. Every act (I can but briefly allude to these matters) that aims at our constitutional rights, or at our privileges as citizens of this Republic, is an injury done, not only to the cause of liberty, but also to the diviner cause of religion; so that, my brethren, when you see, as is often the case in this and other cities, persons, under the pretences of charity and under the mark of piety, seizing upon the little ones and teaching them to forswear their faith, to be ashamed of the father that toiled for them and the mother that raised them, to hate the religion of their Saviour; when you see these things done in your very midst, why should you not arouse and preserve the little lambs of the fold from being exposed to the false zeal of those who have no regard for our feelings and no sympathy for our faith. As good citizens, you are required to maintain your rights, and in doing so you are preserving your country from dishonor.

As members of this congregation, worshipping upon a floor within venerable walls, which, as long as they stand will bear testimony to the thousand deeds of generous charity and manly liberality, you should be exceedingly in earnest not to degenerate from the example that has been left by those who have gone before you, animated by the same devoted zeal for the welfare of the poor and neglected. Since the opening of this church think how many, from all parts of the world, have come here and never received a refusal! Think of the honorable man who laid the corner-stone of this church, to whose honor it may be said that the good deeds here accomplished form an enduring monument to his memory; think of the relief you have never failed to minister in times gone by, and let the recollection animate us to keep up the name of St. John's for true charity and devotion to the cause of God. May I not then entrust these young, poor and friendless children to your liberality? Shall we not to-day cheer the heart of many a disconsolate parent and encourage the members of this association to persevere in their noble work? If there should be one among you who is disposed at this moment to listen to the evil suggestion that after all the amount of good done is very small compared with the time, trouble, zeal and charity of these benevolent institutions, let him remember that however much love may be lost of man it is never lost of God. Be then the friends of these societies, and be assured that your love and labor will not be lost. And now I invoke from the very depths of my heart that God's blessing may descend upon you this day, and remain with you forever.

DIFFICULTIES OF LITERARY FORGERIES.

A Lecture Delivered by Cardinal Wiseman, at the Royal Literary Institution, Greenwich, England, Feb. 9.

For the report of the following admirable lecture, we are indebted to The London Weekly Register:

The Cardinal commenced his lecture by observing that he had no purpose or interest to serve beyond that of doing anything that might be in his power to promote the excellent objects of the institution. He had selected a subject which he thought calculated to promote these objects, and he hoped it might be in his power to make it not only interesting, but subservient to higher purposes than its title at first appearance might suggest. The moment, said his Eminence, that any literature takes a consistent form, and becomes consolidated in any country, the question of the genuineness or spuriousness of important works is sure to present itself as one of the most grave and complicated. So soon as the historian begins to look back into past ages, and collect the opinions and documents upon which he is to found the annals of his country, which he has to digest and put in order for the purpose of writing a national and sensible history, and so soon as the literary critic arises and endeavors to trace back the history of his own native language, and to show how it has gradually expanded and perfected itself in a national literature, each is beset with countless difficulties. Upon that tide of ancient times, he meets with a quantity of floating fragments of which he cannot determine when they first appeared, whence they came, by whom they were cast into that flood; and it requires all the acuteness and varied learning of which the age is capable, to set in order, but first of all to separate and divide that which he can admit, and that which he must reject. The ancient records of almost every country are filled with quantities of either shorter or longer compositions, the originals of which are involved in obscurity, and yet which bear the names of well known authors—of persons whose names occur in the records of the country—of whom, perhaps, some works actually exist that are known to be genuine; and then, as I have already said, comes that tedious task of sifting and separating the wheat from the chaff—of garnering and laying up carefully that which is valuable and will give a nourishing food, and casting away that which eventhough brilliant may be utterly worthless. Every scholar is acquainted with the remarkable controversy at the end of last century. Mr. Boyle published the letters of Phalaris to Demosthenes and other great men. Mr. Bently, then a young man, took up his pen against them; and so much skill was exhibited in the controversy, that the public gave its vote in favor of Boyle. The controversy, in fact, became so popular as even to give rise to that usual way of expressing the feelings of the many—by caricatures. Bentley was represented in one of these as among the guards of Phalaris, who were leading him to the brazen bull, invented by Perillus, in which he used to enclose his enemies, and by kindling a fire burn them to death; and by a label from his mouth he was supposed to be saying, "Well, after all, I would rather be roasted than *Boyled*." [Laughter.] We have, however, to deal with modern forgeries. There have been two persons in modern times who have taken a very liberal view of the power of imposture, and of the facility of deceiving the world by forgeries. The most celebrated of these is Father Harduin, who was born in 1646, a man of extraordinary learning, who first made himself known by the publication of one of the most difficult of the classics—the Natural History of Pliny. He seems, in the editing of this work, to have conceived a most extraordinary theory, which has, to a certain extent, diminished the high reputation which he deserves for his other works, amounting to upwards of two hundred, of which upwards of ninety have been printed. His most celebrated work was the Royal Collection, as it was called, of the Councils, containing all the ancient Councils of the Church in the most accurate text. Among other works he published a very interesting one, "The Vindication or Explanation of Chronology by means of Medals." But in one of his works on the application of numismatics to sacred history, he threw out heads of a theory which he more fully developed afterwards, that with the exception of Cicero, Pliny, and some parts of Virgil and Horace, the rest of the classic works that we have were forgeries of the middle ages, and that not one of them was written by the author to whom they are attributed. In one of his large works, printed at Amsterdam, I think, in 1683, he analyzed Virgil, and observed that Virgil makes but small account, through all of "Æneid," of the ancient mythology, and that fate is the ruling principle. He admits the "Georgies" to be genuine, but he considers these to be so at variance with the "Æneide," that it is impossible they could be written by the same hand, and he collects an incredible number of passages to prove that he never intended to write about Æneas, but always intended to write about Augustus; and he finally comes to the extraordinary conclusion that the "Æneid" of Virgil is the work of a Christian after the time of Constantine, and that its real object is to show the triumph of Christianity over the Jewish Dispensation, and all the names signify symbolically different persons. He distributes Horace among four different authors, and endeavors to show that it is impossible that one man could have written them all. What Harduin did in the classics has been done in the art by Giovani Rossini, who died only a very few years since, a professor of Pisa, and a man of very great learning. His history of painting maintains that most, if not all, of the works of ancient masters, were copies or imitations. But with art we must not attempt to deal this evening. Forgeries are practised in the case of old paintings, cameos, medals, glasses, and, in fact, everything which the ancients produced, and which have any value in modern times. As to medals, it is well known that there existed in Europe two regular mints, or manufactories of them, where they were produced in such perfection that it requires the most practised eye to discover whether or not they are genuine. Mr. Steevens, the editor of Shakspeare, seemed to have a sort of natural taste and talent for forgeries. Having a pique with Gough, the great antiquary of the time, he forged an inscription of Hardicanute, which was buried, and found and believed by Gough to be the genuine, until Steevens, having had his revenge, explained to him that he had scratched it and concealed it. But, to confine ourselves to literary and historical forgeries, let us see

hat are the difficulties of committing them. here are three sources. The first difficulty , perhaps, the easiest to get over—that of mitating style. Muretus, who was one of he most eminent Latin writers at the period f the revival of classical literature, amused himself by writing a copy of verse which he ttributed to Tralles, one of the old primeval talian poets. He showed it to Scaliger as uch, and Scaliger, though himself one of the ost eminent of critics, after examination, ronounced it genuine; and Erasmus himself, very acute classical scholar, was deceived in xactly the same manner. Vossius, another f the great critics of the period, tells us that he poems published and attributed to Apolonius Callatius in his time, deceived Casauan, Joseph Scaliger, and Menosius. There is curious instance in the life of one of the ost eminent of critics, Wolfe, who has been rincipally distinguished as the great Homeric critic, who attributed Homer to later uthors, or compilers, than was generally supposed. It so happened he rejected an epistle f Cicero on account of its style, simply because it was found out of its place in a manuscript, though it was permitted in all other ollections. There is, therefore, nothing more asy, if the public can be deceived, than to eceive them upon this ground. His Eminence then related the instance of Meinhold. orn in Usedom, in 1797, educated in the Uniersity of Freiswald, he was made Pastor of sedom, and afterwards of Kaserav. He beam to study theology alone, but soon became isgusted with German rationalism. In the ourse he wrote poems, which, though little known, procured him high praise from ean Paul, and likewise in a letter from Goethe in his posthumous works. In 1843 apeared his Maria Schweidler, the Bernsteinexe, or the Amber-Witch, (translated by ady Duff Gordon for the Foreign and Colonial Library.) Every one was deceived. Every aper and review regarded it as a genuine ork. It was inserted in the catalogue of ne university library, that of Heidelberg, nder the head of "Witch Trials." A jurist, the Augsburgh paper, Dec. 1842, suggested ch one doubt, on the word *hochnoth peinlich*. Another suggested a doubt because ree points were not said to have been lauded in her defence against torture, and e costume of her husband, as said to be represented in Mellenthin church, that he wore o coat of mail, or dagger with which the rd stab was given, and which was then stated to be out of use. No one doubted the genuineness of the M.S. and such was the general belief in its authenticity that an Englishman actually visited Streckelberg, and asked to see any traditional spots connected with her. Meinhold confided his secret first to the King of Prussia, who had his work printed, and secondly to the Synod of his ecclesiastical circle, who published a certificate to the circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding this he was savagely attacked as a forger, for producing what he justly calls a *satisfaction*. In his Preface to his second edition, 1846, he explains fully his motives. having observed in the course of his studies a eagerness with which the modern German mind raised objections to certain parts of scripture on account of inconsistencies of style, he produced the work in order to show the fallacy of the usual mode of reasoning on such subjects, and the possibility of deception or of mistake. Then, to perplex his critics still more, he published his Sidonia, the Sorcerer Witch, which really had a basis of truth and was in great part historical: his critics had, however, had enough of him. He resigned his living on religious grounds, retired to Charlottenburg altogether, and died suddenly in the year 1851, in a manner that was most consoling to his friends. His son is now a Parish Priest in Prussia, from whom his Eminence had received many of the particulars he had mentioned. His Eminence then related the instance of the unfortunate Chatterton, a name he observed, suggesting greater compassion than severe blame, for though no one could pretend for a moment to justify any attempt at fraud, when one considered the very slight training and good education he had received, the strong passions to which he was subject, and which he could with difficulty have learned at the age in which he committed his forgeries perfectly to restrain, one was only inclined to regret that such a genius was not preserved for a better purpose—a genius that might have stood high in the literature of his country but for that misplaced pride, as he calls it, that made him seek fame by crooked paths. But the difficulty of style was, after all, the slightest of the difficulties; a greater difficulty was, when the entire work was produced, without preceding to say that it ever existed before, a mere fictitious narrative, not given as a romance or work of fiction, but as a work of truth and history, when it was entirely false. Yet this would be discovered in two ways, by the whole texture of the work itself, by glaring errors and inconsistencies, and by small inaccuracies that could not have been committed by one who was on the spot at the time. The best example of the first was Psalmanazar's History of Formosa." In 1703 there appeared in London a work entitled "An Historical and Geographical Description of the Island of Formosa, by George Psalmanazar, a native of that island." This work was received with great rapture. Within two years after it was published, a second edition was necessary, and it was received by every one as genuine. The author became the object of the greatest attention. He was courted and brought into contact with the great and distinguished in every possible way. The fiction, poor as it was, continued to be believed for years, and he was sent after the publication of his second edition, to Oxford in order to study there. His work, however, had not a chapter or point in it which could conciliate for a moment the commonest credence. He says he left the island when he was 19, and six years afterwards he wrote this book, in which he gives the most minute particulars concerning the laws and punishments, the terms of imprisonment, and everything that attached to every crime or faults; he could describe in the most detailed manner the plants and animals of the island, and not only so, but he could give historical documents, and though he said he took no trouble to become learned, yet he could give word for word the letter of the Emperor of Japan to the King of the Island of Formosa, saying that his father had a copy of it. He invented an alphabet of the language, and gave words, some of which were evidently Spanish and some Portuguese or anything else, but certainly unlike any known language, some of them being more American than anything else. (Laughter.) Although this island of Formosa was only 210 miles long and 45 miles wide, he stated that 18,000 boys were sacrificed every year, and their hearts roasted in one temple. He gave an account of all the temples, altars, and the figures upon them, and drawings of the boats, the palace and other buildings, the architecture being as purely European as anything that could be imagined. His description of the costumes he must have seen on the stage of some country theatre. They certainly had not an oriental feature about them, and although the inhabitants lived under the tropics, he dressed them in bear skins and thick warm furs. He also stated that Greek was the learned language of the island, and this so disgusted the Earl of Pembroke, at whose table he had oftentimes dined, that upon his reading it he at once cast him off. Dr. Hally, as he owned in his second preface, perplexed him by some singular questions as to how long was the duration of the twilight, and how long the sun shone down the chimneys in the island; to which he replied that they had no word for twilight in their language, and they only knew night and day, and he was never taught any other period of the twenty-four hours. As for the chimneys, he said the chimneys went through the wall zigzag, all round, and at last went up a long way off. (Laughter.) It did not occur to him to state that in the tropics they had no chimneys. Well, notwithstanding all this imposition, he was caressed and treated not only with a great deal of courtesy, but with liberality, and the reason appeared to be too obvious. He came over here as a victim of the Inquisition and the persecution of the Jesuits. He gave himself out as such, and it was as such he was received. And one of the most extraordinary things in the whole book, and one that excited more wonder than anything else, was, that he gave his reasons for rejecting Paganism and becoming a Christian, the whole type, tone and character of which were as English as if they had been copied from Paley or any other English book. Eventually he began to be touched with remorse, and gave himself to a steady course of study, and about the year 1736 he undertook the study of the Hebrew language, in which he made the most extraordinary proficiency. He died, aged upwards of eighty, leaving in his will a most humble and penitent confession of his first work—his romance, as he called it—which he again and again said was written in consequence of sheer vanity, which urged him on, and made him tell all the lies he did. He confessed that a worthless Scotch military chaplain, named Innes, hat persuaded him to take up the imposture, and brought him from the Low Countries to London, where he got the Bishop of London at that time (Compton) to take him by the hand as a convert to the established religion. In his memoirs he fully retracted all he had said against the Jesuits and missionaries, attributing it to a shameful love of vanity, without the least knowledge of the subject. A few years later, in 1771, there died another celebrated forger, who never could regain his position. That was Lauder, who was disappointed in early youth by the bad success of a religious work he had published. He was indignant, and determined to vent his spleen on England upon one of its greatest poets. He began to throw out hints in the Gentleman's Magazine, of Milton having made use without acknowledging it of passages from other authors; and he actually forged pages to make it appear that Milton had them under his eye at the time he was writing. The Cardinal would illustrate this part of the subject by one or two modern instances, where there was not exactly an attempt to deceive, but an attempt at consistency and plausibility. He would take two instances from a popular writer, Edgar Allan Poe, the American poet. Poe displayed a peculiar power in two ways—first, in producing tales wrapped up in mystery, of which he unfolds the supposed evidence of the solution, so ingeniously involved that, like a tangled ball of thread, although apparently a few open ends or clews abounded, they would all lead to nothing; while a slight unnoticed point, studiously hidden among more prominent ones, at length drew out the whole ball by being pursued. Let them take the "Murders in Rue Morgue," committed by an Ourang Outang. The case is enveloped in mystery; the police are at fault because the door of the apartment is locked inside. Both windows are fastened down, and there is no egress. His friend Dupin, of great analytic skill, discovered how the fastening of one window was only apparent. The whole turns upon this. Yet it supposes, or rather requires that the window (in an old house to) must have been a sash which dropped by a spring. Not only so, but he expressly tells us—"The windows, both of the front and back room, were down, and firmly fastened within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavoured to raise it. A vigorous attempt to raise the sash also failed—they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside—the consideration which put a stop to the scrutiny of the police in that quarter." Another peculiarity in Poe was that of imagining the most impossible circumstances and positions, and treating them with such minuteness of detail, and such probability of circumstances, as to make you almost believe that such a thing, or something approaching it, had happened. For instance, a man made a balloon for going to the moon, and there was a description of all the scientific appliances which were brought to bear upon it. He also gave most minute details, &c. He also proceeded to have found seventeen books of Livy. He committed innumerable errors in names and other particulars, but maintained they were in the MS., and Airaldi believed this statement. Cauco Rosario Gregorio was a learned and shrewd observer, one of the best of of men. He noticed that in what came out there was no resemblance to other Arab writers, no allusion to every-day customs, such as ablutions, prayers, and so on—that the date was from Mahomet's birth, and his flight, and that the months were (the 31st being quoted) solar, and not lunar. In 1786 he published his book called "De Supputandis Apud Arabos Siculos Temporibus," the effect of which was indirectly to prove the whole a fiction. After this Vella corrected the errors, and every one took part with Vella against Gregorio. Airaldi became anxious, however, and proposed to call in other learned men of Europe, and to have a page of the MSS. engraved and sent round. Vella thereupon set to work and interpolated—changing a word that frequently occurred into Sicily, which it much resembled, dotted the lines above and below, and hooked letters together, so as to be illegible. This was sent about. De Guignes, at Paris, pronounced it a forgery. Vella said it was a particular character—the Sicilian. But Olaus Tychoca, Professor of Rostock, stood firm to the end in his favor, and expressed admiration of his genius and his discovery. Gregorio was a Professor of law, his select writings on which, together with other subjects, formed a large volume of more than 800 pages. He began to study Arabic, and became so proficient as to publish in 1790 a splendid folio of genuine Arab writers on Sicily, dedicated to the King. In 1794 he went to Palermo. Joseph Huger, from Vienna, endeavored to see Vella's original MSS. Vella refused; Hager and Gregorio conferred together; Gregorio opened the eyes of Airaldi, and Hager appealed to General Acton, Prime Minister at Naples. Hager returned home, but was recalled by the King in December, 1794. The MSS. were examined, and reports were made against them. Vella pretended to have been robbed of his MSS. in the night. He was taken very ill, confessed his fraud as to the second MSS. and was condemned at last to fifteen years imprisonment; but was allowed to live in free custody at home, where he died in 1809. In 1796 Adami, Archbishop of Aleppo, was called to examine the manuscript, and proved it to be a life of Mohammed. There was in the British Museum a manuscript beautifully written, which contained Vella's defence, giving all the history in detail, and answering all objections. So ingeniously was all this done, that it almost tempted one to reconsider the case. He was not aware that Vella ever really retracted, for in this last work he retracted all his confessons that were made when he was weak and ill. Another, and more complete attempt at forgery, was that of Mariano Alberti, whom the Cardinal had seen moving in the best society, and who published a magnificent volume purporting to be the letters of Tasso, most beautifully printed at immense expense, with illuminated portraits, and with fac similes of sheet after sheet of Tasso's writing, the discoloration of the paper, and every portion being so well imitated as almost to defy detection, and fac similes being also given of the attestations of all the first librarians in Italy, who having compared the vast number of these undoubted writings of Tasso in their libraries, pronounced them to be genuine; but after all, the whole was proved to be an absolute fiction. He must conclude, however, omitting a great deal that could bear upon the subject, simply observing how difficult it was to produce a forgery that would stand the scrutiny of learned and able men; but how much more difficult it was when the eyes of friends and enemies had for consecutive ages been fixed upon the documents, and every test of every sort—literary, historical, scientific, and antiquarian had been brought to determine its authenticity or its spuriousness. Everything he had said had been intended for the purpose of satisfying the audience that all the attempts that had been made to check any war or invalidate, not the credibility, but the absolute and inscrutable certainty of what, we had given us in the inspired volume, afforded evidence which to negative would in itself be sufficient to put aside every other objection. But there was more than this, because while the enemies of this sacred book had been engaged in bringing to bear on its validate, not the credibility, but the absolute and inscrutable sense everything that science, or learning, could educe, its friends had been as active in collecting all corroborative proofs, and while there was not one of any force which had not been answered, there had been multiplying and accumulating proofs, such as in fact could leave no doubt upon a hundred points, which in former time might have been considered as requiring to be defend, and which had suggested principles and grounds of security for that which, as yet, had not passed through the same ordeal. We might, therefore, feel thankful that even in secular literature the attempt to do that which had been so falsely attributed to us with regard to that which was so dear in our eyes, had totally failed, and had shown the immense difficulty—not to say impossibility—of succeeding where men were able or willing, as they were in this instance, to apply all their acuteness, their learning, and their genius to the investigation and the defence. (Loud applause.)

A vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to His Eminence for his highly interesting, instructive, and impressive lecture.

LITERATURE.

REDEMPTION, a Poem, by John D. Bryant, M. D. Philadelphia: Published by John Pennington and Son.

No poet could select a loftier or more trying theme. Redemption! The very name recalls to mind "Paradise Regained," and suggests comparison with Milton. Every educated man is so imbued with his words and ideas that in speaking of the same events in the measured dignity of blank verse, he would very likely be guilty of unconscious plagiarism; therefore, it is not wonderful that in a few instances our author should lay himself open to the charge of close and even verbal imitation. But retaining as he does the complex machinery borrowed by Milton from heathen poets, and possessing Milton's passion for displaying his knowledge of what Cowper irreverently calls "mythologic stuff," it is strange that these instances should be so few. The metre is smooth and flowing, the diction rich and copious; if it has a fault it is in the recurrence of unusual words, which, nevertheless, we must admit are wonderfully appropriate and rhythmical. It is not confined, like Paradise Regained, to a single incident in the Saviour's life, and thus it has the advantage of a wider scope, and throughout the greater part of the poem, an untrodden path. In the temptation in the wilderness a gorgeous triumphal scene on the Campus Martius is described in glowing language, which we wish we had space to extract entire, but the following beautiful apostrophe to the "Second Eve" we cannot pass over:

Hail! masterpiece divine, the last and best
Effusion of his all-creating skill;
Thee human intellection cannot reach,
Nor thee sufficiently exalt. On earth,
No mortal can with thee compare; in heav'n,
Than angel and archangel more sublime;
Brighter than seraphim, more glorious far
Than the cherubic hosts, who stand the throne
Before; above them all, Mother of God,
Art thou extoll'd. In thee the mystic types
Of the old law, their full completion find—
That paradise, which the new Adam held,
The ark in whom the world's Salvation lay.
Who contains all, was all contain'd by thee,
Storehouse and inexhaustible abyss
Of heav'nly gifts, effulgent, morning star,
Fair queen of infinite delights, and rose
Deprived of every thorn, th' unspotted Spouse,
Replete with grace, leaning on her Beloved;
Sole daughter, not of death, but heav'nly life,
Than virgin Eve more innocent, always
Uncorrupt; who never to the serpent
Lent an ear, nor yet, with breath of sin
Thy purity enstain'd; exempt from spot.
Earth virginal, unblemish'd, undefiled,
Sweet paradise of innocence, planted
At God's right hand, water'd with crystal streams
From Virtue's fount, and fenced from snares ma-
The tree of life with fairest fruit endow'd, [lign;
Of knowledge good, without the evil cursed.
What flowers of praise a garland shall enwreathe
For thee, Mary, branch sprung from Isai's stem,
Thyself the princess of a royal line,
And worthy Mother of the King of kings?
In thee, Eden restored, fresh blooms again,
With sparkling beauties crown'd. The lily's bell,
Meekly thy innocence displays, or shrinks
The vale within, where sweet simplicity
Most loves to dwell; for thee, the virgin rose
Holds its perennial feast of joyous love;
Where e'er thy footsteps tend, on fragrant wing
The odor of thy virtues up to heaven
It gently wafts, a richer perfume than
Its golden chives e'er breath'd; camellia chaste,
Thy chastity portrays, whilst clematis,
With graceful fillets midst ambrosia twined,
Celestial wisdom's nect'rous dews distils;
The crown imperial, showy bulb, enwreath'd
With fadeless amaranth, with gems and gold
Emboss'd, weaves thy imperial diadem,
A crown illustrious and as heav'n eterna,
That royal birth and queenly state becomes.
Each floral beauty decks thy gorgeous train,
Semblant of thee; aurate or argent,
Azure, white, carnation, fragrant or fair,
Orange and hyacinth perfumed, pansy,
With damask, white and red, enamel'd o'er;
All odors sweet, thy sanctity embalm.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

We have been put in possession of an early copy of the March number of this periodical, a number exhibiting more than the average amount of ability and interest. The initial article, entitled "Holbein and the dance of Death," is full of curious erudition on this wild, fantastic subject. The Dance of Death was a succession of pictures, each complete in itself, and all constituting a whole in which the moral significance and the human interest were so nicely poised and balanced that it would be difficult to say which contributed most to their wide-spread and enduring popularity. The writer of the article in the "Atlantic," which, by the way, has a fascination somewhat like the subject of which it treats, finds in the democratic instincts of humanity another more powerful reason for the unprecedented popularity attained by these strange creations of a religious fancy. That they were intended as striking illustrations of equality or hidden sarcasms on worldly distinctions, the writer does not pretend to affirm, but merely that the idea of ultimate assimilation prominent in all these wild, grotesque creations, appealed to a strong but then nameless feeling existing in every mind, that these silent, speaking recognitions of a common lot, "satisfied an eager craving in the breast of poor, envious, self-asserting human nature." There is something characteristic in the manner in which different nations represent or typify death—the Hebrew personifying him as an angel, a messenger from the Lord—the Greek, with his expressive symbol of an inverted torch, and the Egyptian, with his material proof of annihilation, a mummy. The mystic, spiritual significance attached by many to the Egyptian custom of placing a skeleton at the festive board, our author does not credit, that it was intended as a memento of evanescence, he considers "too subtile a conjecture." He believes that "the ceremony was but a silent way of saying, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' which, as Paul's solemn irony makes too plain, must be the philosophy of life to those who believe that the dead rise not." Holbein was the first to represent death as a skeleton, a form which is now prescriptive, and under which he appears in the series of paintings, forty-seven in number, to which the artist is indebted for his enduring fame.

"Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith" is an able analysis of the character and powers of two men so alike in their geniality of nature, so unlike in their style of thought. The gentle, loving Elia, with his ever impending sorrow, which sobered down his natural joyousness as a cloud obscures the sun, substituting beauty for brilliancy in the man, and love for admiration in our remembrance of him; and the witty, polished, versatile clergyman, equally at home among *litterateurs* and fashionables, the merry and the profound—are drawn with a faithful pencil and in their just proportions—no small praise now-a-days, when individuals are either exaggerated or be-littled.

"The Professor" improves with every number, like good wine, the older the better. "The Ministers Wooing" proceeds prosperously, and there is a flight of graceful "Winter Birds" through the leaves, or rather across the "Atlantic," which might reconcile any one to this chilly season.

As a specimen of the Poetry, we extract the following legend, with its easy rhythm and palpable moral:—

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning ye Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry:... he assures me it had really two heads, one at each end, two mouths, two stings, or tongues."

REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

Far away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
Born of water, and air, and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
And ooze of the old Deucalian flood,
Crawl, and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through the dark tradition and ballad age.
So from the children of Newbury town
And its time of fable the tale comes down
Of a terror which haunted bush and break,
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a silent sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half-redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary and dark and old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
When Time was young and the world was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and moon
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn;
Think as the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified.
And think, if his lot were now thy own,
To grope with terrors, nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the Snake had two heads and not a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen,
Or the gay earth-flax or the Devil's Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
Nothing on record is left to show;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the caste of a "double head"
In the scaly mask which for fear of harm,
For he carried a head where his tail should be,
And the two, of course, could never agree,
But wriggle about with main and might,
Now to the left and now to the right;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A Snake with two heads, lurking so near!—
Judge of the wonder, guess of the fear!
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads, in their dreary way,
Between the meetings on Sabbath day!
How urchins, searching at day's decline
The common pasture for sheep or kine,
The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whirr of bird!
Think what a zest it gave to the sport
In berry-time of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm;
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,
Thanked the snake for the fond delay.

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
And it served in the worthy minister's eye,
To paint the primitive Serpent by.
COTTON MATHER came posting down
All the way to Newburytown,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains, for the lore he learned in school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak
Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill;
If the snake does not, the tale runs still
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestown Hill.
And still, whenever husband and wife
Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And with the cross-purpose, tug and strain,
At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say with a knowing shake
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
One in body and two in will—
The Amphisbæna is living still."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The January number of this review possesses more than ordinary interest. The subjects are diversified, and very many of them are of a character likely to attract the general reader. The first article is an able and favorable review of "Help's Spanish Conquest in America," well calculated to give a clear idea of the style and scope of that valuable work to such readers of the review as have not been fortunate enough to procure a copy of it. The reviewer truly observes that it is a signal refutation of the charge of inhumanity which has been iterated and reiterated *ad nauseum* against the Spanish Government and the Spanish nation. To use his words, "The rulers of Spain at the time of the conquest were generally wise in discerning and strenuous in commanding, the right; and the calamities and crimes which accompanied it were common to the age, rather than peculiar to the conquerors." But, as he remarks, "In the age of Elizabeth, and after the reign of Mary, there was little charity in England for the heroes of Spain."

There is a paper on "The Roman Catacombs," drawn from five sources, and flavored by the opinions of the reviewer, that every one will read on account of the subject, which is ever new and ever attractive. Those who wish to be posted up on the origin of the Hudson's Bay Company, its privileges, charter, government, &c., would do well to read an article on "The Hudson's Bay Territory," which treats of these questions at some length, and others more interesting—the boundary question, the license question, the absorption of these territories by Canada, and their ultimate probable destiny. To annul the present charter, and make the territories a Crown Colony, would be, in the opinion of the writer, certain to lead to a war with the United States, an opinion which he sustains with a formidable array of reasons. He concludes as follows: "Let it," (the Hudson's Bay Company) "then be extinguished, but do not let us embark in the dangerous and expensive folly of colonizing the country on our own account. Better to hand it over at once to the United States, and get some credit for liberality, than wait to see it wrested from us without the possibility of resistance, and without the grace of concession."

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

The March number of this standing favorite opens with a well-considered and carefully-written article on "The Mexican Question," a question which the writer remarks is as little understood by the people of the United States as the Ottoman Empire was by the majority of Englishmen who warred to preserve its integrity. Looking upon the doctrine of "manifest destiny" as not having "yet passed into the state of a crystallized policy, but as floating, vague and vaporous, a mere popular proclivity, in the air of platforms and caucuses." The writer treats of the *possibility* of Mexico becoming a French colony without creating a single movement among our "restless, filibustering masses." In our opinion a most improbable possibility. That Napoleon has an ambition to found a colonial empire is evident from the progress he has made in the China Sea and the Indian and Southern Pacific Oceans, and that his shrewd intelligence and forward-looking mind should comprehend the natural advantages of a country whose shores are laved by oceans—one refulgent with the noonday brightness of modern civilization, the other glimmering with the fading twilight of past, or the dawn of coming greatness—one the highway between Europe and America, the other the basin of an island world, which at no distant day will act no unimportant part upon the stage of Time. Brazil is not a bad exchange for Portugal, and if Mexico were never required for a transplanted French dynasty it would make a magnificent Viceroyalty for a scion of the Imperial family.

For these and other good reasons, personal, political, commercial, dynastic and national, we do not doubt that Napoleon is fully alive to the importance of that favored strip of land, but while we agree with the writer that "nothing can be plainer than that the possession of Mexico would give to France the best basis she could ask for building up a new edifice of colonial empire," we cannot assent to what follows, "nor is there any reason for anticipating that the people of this country would oppose any serious resistance to the establishment of French power in Mexico, were it attempted, as of course it would be, within the forms of international law." If the writer in The Knickerbocker be correct in attributing these designs to Napoleon the Third, his statistics in relation to the French navy become of startling interest to us. How would our little navy compare with the four hundred and fifty ships of war and thirty steam gun-boats that compose the French navy, all in an admirable state of efficiency, "hardly one vessel more than twenty years old"—a navy whose *materiel* is "fully equal to that of England," and whose immediately available force of seamen is "decidedly superior to that of ancient rival?" We are glad to see the writer in The Knickerbocker does not in the general lament over the degenera the Spanish race in Mexico; that he wil perpetuate an opinion which common sens jects and history contravenes. "The dom race of Mexico," as he justly remarks, vigorous offshoot of the Latin civilization nothing can be more erroneous," he conti "than the notion so common in this country the Spanish race in Mexico has really degen from the energy and force of the *Conquista* or that the Mexican Creoles are a people to be pushed from their places by invading peans or Americans. The history of the gle which ended in the recognition by Sp Mexican Independence, abundantly prove fertility of the Creole population in men of querable resolution, military skill, astuteness bition, and all the qualities which mark a and domineering race." The writer, with philosophy and thorough knowledge of huma ture, views the sporadic revolutions that out at intervals in Mexico, as proofs tha Spaniard of the New World possesses the vigo energy and ambition that distinguished the of old Spain, for "had he been a less ener less ambitious type of humanity than he is history of Mexico, since her independence proclaimed, would have been much less st and chaotic." This is a profound truth whose who have to deal with "intractable ra as the phrase goes, would do well to master bear in mind. The true stumbling block i way of Mexican progress is, in the opinion o writer, not the Celtic and Catholic element population, as shallow thinkers love to a but the aborigines who cling to ancient faith and national traditions a sullen obstinacy that has no parallel a the Indian tribes of North America, and after the lapse of centuries, still remain dis from the Conquerors. It is an article that well repay perusal.

The "Literary Notices" are distinguished candor and kindliness, and the "Editor's Ta in addition to its usual supply of literary *bon* has a "Narrative History of the Knickerbo Magazine," which every one will read with i est.

MORPHY'S GAMES OF CHESS, AND FRE PROBLEM TOURNAMENT. By Thomas R New York: T. W. Strong.

Ever since the advent of the wonderful y who has won unfading laurels in his contests the great knight errants of the chess bear large share of the public attention has bee rected to the most difficult and decidedly the intellectual of all games. Every one has been familiar with the career of Morphy through columns of the daily press—and each ste that arrived from Europe, which has been scene of so many of his triumphs, brought th telligence of new victories gained by him ove chess champions of the Old World. In fact young chess-player's movements were chroni with all the minuteness of a royal personage, his countrymen, proud of his achievements e ly looked over the news by each arrival to l of the still further success of the popular favo The impulse which he gave to the study of game of chess throughout the country has le the organization of numerous clubs, and there now five chess players where there was form but one or two. All who have acquired a kn ledge of the game will, no doubt be pleased to l that one of Mr. Morphy's friends, who is himse chess player of no ordinary ability, has publi a book the title of which stands at the hea this notice. In this little work we are presen with an interesting biographical sketch of Morphy, which every one, be he chess playe not, will read with pleasure; and in addition this, we have Morphy's games with Lowent Harrwitz and a host of others, all distinguis chess-players—the whole number of games be one hundred and three. Then we have als series of chess problems illustrated, with the s tions, for all of which the reader is indebte Mr. Frere himself. For those who understand, those who are learning the game, the book valuable assistant and instructor.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OPERATIVE SURGE AND SURGICAL PATHOLOGY. By I. M. nochan, Professor of Surgery in the New Medical College, Surgeon-in-Chief to the State pital, &c.

The great value of this work, the second p of which is now before us, is set forth in a criminating article upon it in the North Ameri Medico-Chirurgical Review. This periodical under the able supervision of Professor Gross the Philadelphia Jefferson Medical College. says: "The articles are illustrated by excell lithographic drawings, and are treated with cumstantial minuteness. The mechanical exe tion is altogether superior, and reflects great ore upon the publishers. The work, when comple will form a beautiful volume of at least 500 pag the most valuable contribution to the art and ence of surgery that has yet been made by American surgeon. Dr. Carnochan has enjoy rare opportunities at the State Emigrants' Hos tal, of which he has been the Chief Surgeon upwards of eight years, and his ability as a h

and original operator is well known to the ession of this country and Europe. We be- k for the work an attentive study."

work like this, besides adding to the distin- hed reputation of its author, reflects, in its inal and valuable contributions to surgical nce, credit upon our national character.

BOY'S AND GIRL'S OWN MAGAZINE. New York: William L. Jones.

his unpretending little monthly contains much is interesting to children, especially the tches in Natural History, which are always come. The conclusion of the story of "Ste- s and his Dog Poppy," will, we doubt not, be erly looked for by all the little folks, but more ecially by the boys, who from time immemo- have regarded the dog as their friend and fellow.

DIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

hose of our fair readers who delight in dainty rk and choice new fashions, will be pleased h this number.

ASTONISHING FACULTIES OF A LINGUIST IN THE OPAGANDA COLLEGE.—One evening about this ne, Dr. Wiseman, meeting Mezzofanti in the arri di Spagna, inquired where he was go- ; "To the Propaganda," he replied; "I ve to give a lesson there." "In what lan- age?" asked Dr. Wiseman. "In Califor- an," said Mezzofanti. "I am teaching to e California youths whom we have there." alifornia!" exclaimed his friend. "From om could you possibly have learned that t-of-the way tongue?" "From themselves," plied Mezzofanti; "and now I am teaching to them grammatically." This interesting ecdote illustrates another curious phase of ezzofanti's marvellous faculty—the manner which he dealt with a language, not only w to himself, but entirely unwritten, un- stematized, and, in a word, destitute of all e ordinary aids and appliances of study. wo native Californians, children of one of he many Indian tribes of that peninsula, ere sent to Rome to be educated at the ropaganda. One of these died not very long fter his arrival; the other, whose native ame was Tac, and who exhibited much more dent than his companion, lived in the Propa- anda for about three years, but eventually unk under the effects of the Roman climate, nd, perhaps, of the confinement and unwont- d habits of collegiate life. To these youths, rom the day of their arrival, Mezzofanti at- ached himself with all the interest which a ew language always possessed for him. The Indians of the California peninsula are broken up into several independent tribes, the prin- cipal of which are three in number, the Picos, the Waiteuros, and the Laymones. Their lan- guages are as various as their subdivisions of race. In the days of the Spanish missiona- ries, there could hardly be found any two or three missions in which the same dialect was spoken; inasmuch that the fathers of these missions have never succeeded in doing for the native language what they have done for most of the other languages of Northern and Central America—reducing it to an intelligi- ble grammatical system. Upon Mezzofanti, therefore, in his intercourse with these youths, devolved all the trouble of discovering the grammatical structure of the California lan- guage, and of reducing it to rules. It was a most curious process. He began by making his pupils recite the Lord's Prayer, until he picked up first the general meaning, and after- wards the particular sounds, and what may be called the rhythm of the language. The next step was to ascertain and to classify the par- ticles, both affixes and suffixes; to distin- guish verbs from nouns and substantives from adjectives; to discover the principal inflex- ions of both. Having once mastered the pre- liminaries, his power of generalizing seemed rather to be an instinct than an exercise of the reasoning faculty. With him the knowl- edge of words led, almost without an effort, to the power of speaking. I have been assured by the Rev. James Doyle, who was a student of the Propaganda at the time, and who had frequent opportunities of witnessing Mezzo- fanti's conversation with these youths, that his success was complete, at least so far as could be judged from external appearance— from his fluency, his facility of speech, and all the other indications of familiarity. A young Mulatto of the Dutch West Indian Island of Curacoa, named Enrico Gomez, arrived about a fortnight before Epiphany, 1845. He spoke no language except the "nigger Dutch" of his native Island. Mezzofanti took him into his hands and before the day of Academy (the Sunday after Epiphany) he had not only established a mode of communication with him, but had learned his language, and even composed for him a short poetical piece, which Gomez recited at the Academy! A third case of three Albanian youths is mentioned in the Civita Catolica, VII p. 571.—Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti. By C. W. Russell, D. D.

The Rose and the Violet.

BY BOLTON ROGERSON.

"Awake, my sister"—the low words came
From the bed where a young rose grew—
"Awake thee, my sister violet,
And open thine eyes of blue;
Shake the silver dew from thy lovely head,
And thy perfumed leaves unfold,
And rejoice like me in the blessed light
Of the morning's living gold.

"All other fair buds are gazing out,
And wooing the shining sun,
And I hear the echo of bounding feet,
By the passing breeze borne on;
Perchance some maiden may wander by,
And look on our place of rest,
And bear us away from our lowly home,
To repose on her own fair breast.

"Oh! bliss to repose on so lovely a couch,
And be gazed on by beauty's eyes;
Oh! bliss to he praised by her gentle voice,
And be fanned by her fragrant sighs.
How long must we dwell on the joyless
How long must we linger here? [earth?
Say, dost thou not pine for a prouder lot?
Answer me, sister dear."

A faint sweet sound, like a lute's last note,
On the morning stillness broke,
And the air was stirred with an odorous
breath,
As the meek young violet spoke:
"There's a quiet bliss in our own green vale,
And I love its calm beauty well;
There's a joy, there's a joy in each passing
breeze:
'Tis a home where I love to dwell.

"Our roof is the azure vault of heaven,
Our food is of dew-drops bright,
The sun sheds its beams on our path by day,
And the stars are our lamps by night;
We spring up 'mid odor, and bloom and
light,
We are wooed by the minstrel wind:
Here rest thee, dear rose, in thine own sweet
For a fairer thou can'st not find." [home,

But the rose still pined for a prouder fate,
And it pined not long in vain,
For a maiden, with cheek like its own red
Came dancing o'er the plain; [leaf,
She gazed on its hue with admiring eye,
And she praised it with gentle voice,
And placed in her bosom of spotless white.
Oh! then did the rose rejoice.

A few brief hours of light and joy,
And the flower was all forgot;
And it longed again for its quiet home,
For it saw it was heeded not.
It withered apace in its high abode,
Unnoticed by beauty's eye,
And when the dim shadows of twilight came,
'Twas cast on its home to die.

The violet still lived in its loveliness,
And the moon and the star looked down,
And silvered the misty vail of dew
That the even had over it thrown:
The zephyrs wooed it, and sportively strove
Its odorous breath to share,
Whilst they turned aside from the faded rose,
And left it to perish there.

Thus thou may'st learn, from a simple flower,
A lesson thy course to guide:
Then cling to the bliss of thy quiet home,
And dream not of wealth and pride;
And oh! when ambition would taint thy soul,
Or thou sighest for pomp and state,
Think thou of the lowly violet's lot,
And remember the rose's fate.

THE ANT: ITS INSCINCT OR ITS INTELLIGENCE.—The review of Huber's celebrated work contains a discussion of the oft-mooted question, whether insects have intelligence as well as instinct, or, in other words, whether what we usually call instinct is, or is not, of the nature of intelligence. M. Biot decides in the affirmative, and the examples he adduces leave but little chance for an alternative. Let us borrow one or two of these. When an ant discovers a store of food, it at once sets about communicating the good news to its tribe. But how? That it can communicate ideas by means of its antennæ, mysteriously rubbed against the antennæ of its companions, every one knows; but "rubbing noses" is, after all, a limited form of publication, and cannot easily convey many details. How, then, is the insect Columbus to inform his friends of the geographical position of this America? He knows the route himself, and he can carry another ant to the spot. Seizing with his mandibles the companion to whom he has just announced his discovery, and who twines himself around his body, Columbus carries his friend to the spot. The two then return and carry two more. The four return and carry four. And thus, in a geometrical progression, the emigration swells, till, at the end of the twentieth journey, a million of ants will be ready to devour the food. It is noticeable that they always employ this method of transport when they have to do each other a service. Thus Huber, one winter, being desirous of watching their habits, bethought him of attracting them to a particular part of the apparatus in which he kept them, and which was made of glass. For this purpose he warmed that part with a candle-flame, knowing how fond they were of warmth. A few ants were on the spot at the time, and no sooner did they feel the pleasant warmth than they became very animated, brushing their heads and antennæ with their fore-feet, and rapidly running about the warm spot. Whenever they approached other ants they "rubbed noses" with eager volubility, and immediately separated. They seemed desirous of mounting to the second story, but no sooner did they get beyond the region of warmth than they returned again. At last they seemed to have made up their minds. Away they started for the second story. Huber guessed that they had departed with the intention of communicating to their companions above the pleasant news that warmth was to be had cheap below. In a few minutes his guess was verified. Two descended carrying two others. These were deposited on the warm spot, and the carriers again ascended to bring down others. The newly-arrived, having warmed themselves, also ascended, and brought down others. This transport continued, till at last the whole hive was congregated in this place. After the spot had become cool the ants remounted to the second storey; but at any time Huber was able to repeat this interesting experiment, and always with the like success. In the construction of their galleries, wonderful as that is, most persons see nothing but instinct. Huber observed, however, that if ever an engineering mistake was committed—when one wall was raised higher than another—one of the ants would destroy the whole, and rebuild again correctly. It is their conduct towards the aphides, however, that most amusingly illustrates their intelligence. The little green insects, mostly wingless, found on the leaves and in the calyx of the rose, in great numbers throughout the summer, secrete on the surface of their bodies a sugary fluid, of which the ants are as fond as gourmands are of turtle. Not only do the ants find out where the aphides "most do congregate," and there wheedle them out of their sugar by the most flattering attentions (a stupid animal would kill such a food-bearing stranger, and thus kill the goose that laid the golden eggs,) but, although these attentions are successful, the ants, thoughtful creatures! do not trust alone to the chance of finding aphides; they rear them as a slaveholder does niggers! The ants take the eggs of these aphides into their own nests, rear them with maternal solicitude, and transport them in all their migrations. Not only do they rear them, but they have frequent battles with rival tribes on their account; the possession of these eggs is the trophy of conquest. "*Lors vainquer d'un combat dont Aphis est le prix!*" shouts the old warrior to his brother in arms.

BOOKSELLING AMONG THE ROMANS.—The trade of bookselling was held in high repute among the ancient Romans. A distinction was made between the *librarii*, copyists of books, and the *bibliopolæ*, or sellers of the copies so made. The former were sometimes called *antiquarii*, because they more particularly copied ancient works. The persons so employed were generally slaves, who, having faithfully served their masters, had obtained their freedom, but still remained in his service and formed part of his household, being treated, however, with great distinction. The same was the case with the *medici*, or physicians, the *bibliothecarii*, or librarians, &c. The affection which Cicero bore to the freedman who served as preceptor to his son is well known. Such of the rich nobles as were addicted to literature kept a considerable number of these enfranchised slaves, who passed their time in copying the principal works extant, and above all, those of the Greeks. Women were also sometimes employed in the same task. Origen, the celebrated father of the church of Alexandrin, who died at Tyne in 254 A. D., was a great lover of books, and always employed in his house a certain number of girls, who spent their whole time in copying. It was not until the period of the Emperors that bookselling became a specially recognized calling of any importance. They became at last a regular guild, with certain privileges which were specified in the Roman Code. Quintillian, in a passage in one of his works, exhorts Tryphon, the most celebrated bookseller of Rome, not to sell any but good works and correctly copied; and from other passages we learn that he paid extraordinary attention to the choice of his copyists, so that he at last obtained the title of *Doctorum librarium*. There was at Rome several quarters specially frequented by the sellers of books. Aulus Gellius states in two places that in the Sigillaria there was a sort of bazaar for booksellers, where the works of Horace and Virgil could be bought for a reasonable sum. Another market was established *ad forum Cæsaris*, on the large square built by Julius Cæsar. The poems of Marshal are mentioned as being exposed for sale there. Several booksellers' shops were also situated *in Vico Sandaliaro*. The booksellers posted up in the *vestibulum*, or entrance to their shops, large placards, with the names of the works which they had to dispose of. It is also stated that they frequented these shops as their places of rendezvous, to discuss the news of the day. Such also was the custom in Greece. The price of books, taking into consideration the cost of the papyrus and parchment on which they were written, and the labor of copying, was moderate. The bookseller Atrectus is mentioned as having fixed so low a charge for the first book of "Martial's Epigrams" that his profit was almost nothing, and yet the poet in one of his works complains that the price was too high. On the other hand, Lucian sneers at a wealthy ignoramus who in his anxiety to have an extensive library always contrived to get duped by the dealers. The amateurs frequently offered over each other for a book when it passed for having been written by the author himself, and that was called the *pretium affectionis*. Aulus Gellius states that he gave twenty pieces of gold for a copy of Æneid, and the same author mentions a bookseller who defied any one to point out a fault in the works which he sold. The Roman booksellers sought out writers, and if they discovered one of real talent, they took him in hand and put his name forward so constantly that at last he got into vogue, when at once they raised the price of his works and made money by him. It was in that manner that Tryphon acted with regard to Quintilian.

YOUNG AUSTRALIA.—I was much delighted during the early part of my residence in Sydney, with the colonial young stock. The Australian boy is a slim, dark-eyed, olive-complexioned young rascal, fond of cavendish, cricket and chuck-penny, and systematically insolent to all servant-girls, policemen and new chums. His hair is shiny with grease, as are the knees of his breeches and the elbows of his jacket. He wears a cabbage-tree hat, with a dissipated wisp of black ribbon dangling behind, and loves to walk meditatively with his hands in his pockets, and, if cigarless, to chew a bit of straw in the extreme corner of his mouth. His face is soft, bloomless, and pasty, and you fancy if you touched his cheek you would leave the stamp of your finger behind. He baptizes female emigrants after the names of the ships in which they arrived, such as Susan Red Rover and Matilda Agamemnon. On the same principle he calls policemen "Israelites," because the majority of them came out with the Exodus. He is christened in turn a gum-sucker and a corn-stalk. He can fight like a Cossack or a Bashi-Bazouk; otherwise, he is orientally indolent, and will swear with a quiet gusto if you push against him in the street, or request him politely to move on. Lazy as he is though, he is out in the world at ten years of age, earning good wages, and is a perfect little man, learned in all the ways and by-ways of life at twelve or thirteen.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.—The chimpanzee of the Jardin des Plantes has just died. He was a very sociable, intelligent and playful animal, and greatly attached to his keeper, to obtain a caress from whom he would at once leave any game at which he might be engaged. He was also very fond of children, and used to call them by a peculiar cry to play with him. He on one occasion divided with the strictest impartiality an orange into four parts, and gave two to a little boy, reserving the other two for himself; he even presented his paws, from which juice was dropping, to the boy to suck. It has not been possible as yet to make the chimpanzee live long in European climates. In fact, even in Java, his native country, he only lives fifteen or sixteen years when domesticated.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CATHOLIC SUNDAY EVENING COURSE.—Last Lecture of the course by Dr. L. SILLIMAN IVES. Subject: "The Protestant Claim to the Right of Private Judgment." Next Sunday evening, March 6, at Mozart Hall. Tickets 25 cents. Lecture begins at 7½ P. M. mh5

AID FOR THE MAGDALEN ASYLUM.—The Young Friends of Ireland will give a Grand Soiree at Niblo's Saloon on St. Patrick's Night, (THURSDAY, March 17, 1859,) the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum. Owing to the necessities of the Institution and the great object it has in view, and believing that our National Anniversary could not be commemorated in a more appropriate manner than in aiding an institution which has for its object such noble aims, we therefore call on all the patriotic, the charitable and the humane to assist by their presence on this occasion this most worthy object. Tickets $2, for sale at all the Catholic Bookstores. DENNIS McCARTIE, President.
EDWARD MILLS, Secretary. 12f

☞ Dr. Brownson's Lecture at the COOPER INSTITUTE, on TUESDAY EVENING, March 8, 1859.

Subject: "The Church, and the Threatened Revolutions in Europe." Lecture to begin precisely at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. 26f 2t

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer FULTON, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 5th day of March, at 10½ o'clock A. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.
AGENCY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Persons desiring to subscribe for The Record in Philadelphia, will be promptly served at their residences at an early hour on Friday mornings, by leaving their address with DOWNING & DALY,
No. 139 South Eighth street,
Two doors above Walnut.
mh5 tf

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER AND Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5 3m

HENRY ENGELBERT, Architect, removed to No. 300 BROADWAY,
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Refers to Very Rev. Wm. Stears, V. G.
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☞ Our friends in Brooklyn can pay their subscriptions to and receive receipts from Michael Nevin, No. 180 Fulton street, and James Nevin, No. 302 Fulton street.

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, February 3, 1859.

PROPOSALS FOR CENTRAL PARK FUND STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Sealed Proposals will be received at the Comptroller's Office, No. 9 Hall of Records, until FRIDAY, March 11, 1859, at 2 o'clock P. M., when the same will be publicly opened for the whole or any part of the amount of Three Hundred Nine Thousand Seven Hundred Dollars of Central Park Fund Stock of the City of New York, authorized by an act of the Legislature of the State, entitled "An act to alter the map of the City of New York, by laying out thereon a place, and to authorize the taking of the same," passed July 21, 1853, and amended Feb. 18, 1857; and by an ordinance of the Common Council, approved by the Mayor, Feb. 29, 1856.

The said stock will consist of three thousand and ninety-seven shares of one hundred dollars each share, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable quarter yearly, and the principal redeemable on the first day of July, 1887.

The proposals will state the number of shares desired and the price per share; the person whose proposals are accepted, will be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the city the sum awarded and covered by the bid, together with the premium, if any, thereon; and on presenting the receipt of the Chamberlain to the Comptroller, will be entitled to receive a certificate for the par value of the number of shares, carrying interest from the date of the deposit.

Each proposal should be sealed up and endorsed "Proposals for Central Park Fund Stock," and the proposal thus sealed and endorsed put in a second envelope sealed and directed "Robert T. Haws, Comptroller, No. 9 Hall of Records, New York."

☞ The right is reserved on the part of the Comptroller to reject any or all of the bids, if considered necessary to protect or promote the interests of the city.
mh5 1t ROBERT T. HAWS, Comptroller.

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FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE.—The United States Mail steamer FULTON, J. A. Wotten, commander, will leave for Havre touching at Southampton to land the mails and passengers, on SATURDAY, March 12 o'clock, from Pier No. 37 North River, foot of Beach street. This ship has five water-tight compartments, enclosing the engines, so that in the event of collision or stranding, the water could not reach them, and the pumps being free to work, the safety of the vessel and passengers would be secured. Baggage not wanted during the voyage should be sent on board the day before sailing, marked "Below."

For Freight or Passage apply to
W. S. DRAYTON, Agent, No. 7 Broadway.
N. B.—The steamer ARAGO will succeed the FULTON, and sail March 5. 15 tm5

ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.—The next departure from New York will be from the steamship PRINCE ALBERT, Captain Waters, on THURSDAY, 3d of March next, touching at St. Johns, N. F., to receive the royal mails. Prices of passage: First class, $90; Second, $50; Third, $30, including free tickets to all the principal cities on rail-way routes in Great Britain. First class must provide plate, knife, fork, &c., and bedding. Passage to St. Johns: First class, $35; Second, $25. For freight or passage, inquire of the American Express Company, No. 61 Hudson street, and at their other advertised offices in the interior. Passage in the third class can be secured at any of the above offices to bring persons out from any of the principal cities on the lines of railways in Great Britian for $35, or Galway for $30.
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.
New York, Feb. 14, 1859. 129 3m

FINANCIAL.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK—No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.—This Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a SAFE PLACE OF DEPOSIT for their FUNDS, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy; neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors, and will be divided among them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

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NEWSPAPERS.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW.
BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
TO BE
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IN
THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

The LEDGER, containing the first instalment of popular story, is now ready.

About three years ago we published the first original story written by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., for the LEDGER, entitled "Gunmaker of Moscow." At that time we only about eighty or ninety thousand circulation. the paper was not electrotyped. The demand for back numbers of that date were consequently unable to supply, while we have those containing his other stories. This demand, as all the dealers are aware, has at length become so large as to be really annoying, insomuch as to all the seekers we are compelled to yield the same disagreeable "No" for an answer. The sea hath bounds, but it seems as if the popularity of that story has no. We have therefore concluded to republish it. But a small proportion of our present readers have ever seen it, and most of them want to see it again. The value of the story—and its interest. if such a thing is possible will be enhanced by new and fine illustrations. It is a departure from our usual course to republish anything but the voice of the people demands it, and, although we do not believe the stale Latin maxim, Vox populi Vox Dei, yet we strive to obey both, consequently the first chapter of the Gunmaker of Moscow will appear in the LEDGER, to be published this afternoon at 1 o'clock.

The LEDGER will also contain the following original contributions, written expressly for its columns:

LOUIS NAPOLEON—THREE PHASES IN HIS LIFE. BY THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

MY PROPERTY.
By one who keeps his eyes and ears open.

A religious cotemporary in this city has a prominent contributor who has evidently caught the spirit of the LEDGER contributor "who keeps his eyes and ears open," if indeed, he does not actually seem to imitate him. At least so our thoughts—as they occur—lead us to believe; but striking similarities are often exhibited by productions remote in their origin.

A HUMOROUS POEM,
By John G. Saxe.

THE MILLIONAIRE,
An Illustrated poem.
By Gen. George F. Morris.

THE LANDING UPON PLYMOUTH ROCK,
By I. B., a descendant of Anne Bradstead.

A PICKLE FOR THOSE WHO ARE FOND OF SUGAR.
By Fanny Fern.

THE MOUNTAIN BURIAL.
By Mrs. Sigourney.

CHEER AND WARNING.
By Alice Carey.

RESPONSIBILITY.
By Anna Cora Ritchie.

THE HIDDEN HAND.
By Mrs. Southworth.

EARTH'S DIVINEST.
By Emma Alice Browne.

SILVER BULLETS.—A SKETCH.
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Besides stories, sketches, poems, essays and editorials, too numerous to mention.

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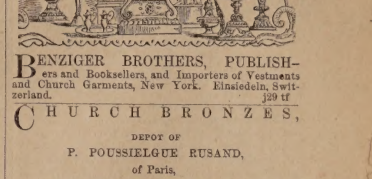

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ST. JOHN'S MANUAL.
A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SERVICES OF
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,
AND A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONS FOR THE PRIVATE USE OF THE FAITHFUL.

PREFACE.

St. John's Manual is, it is hoped, the most complete and accurate prayer-book ever offered to the Catholic community in the United States. Many of the present books of devotion being reprints of European works, are far from conforming to the Roman office books as authorized for use in this country, and are devoid of such explanations as enable the uninstructed to follow our service. The St. John's Manual conforms strictly to the rules of the Holy See in this regard. It gives ample prayers for morning and evening, the Ordinary of the Mass, with full and comprehensive explanations never before introduced, and the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels of all the Sundays and holidays of the year; a variety of devotions for Mass; ample instructions and prayers for the Sacraments of Baptism, Penance, the Holy Eucharist, Confirmation, Extreme Unction, and Matrimony, and the order of administering each, the order of the Visitation of the Sick, Burial of the dead, and Litinerary.

Under the head of General Devotions, are comprised a selection from the best and most approved sources, of Devotions to the Holy Trinity, Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, the Angels and Saints, with many Litanies, including the beautiful ones of Pope Pius VI., never before given in English. The prayers for the different states of life, for various seasons and circumstances, and especially the prayers for the use of the sick, have been compiled with the utmost care from the works of canonized Saints and approved ascetical writers.

In order to avoid the necessity of recurring to other books, it includes the Office of Holy Week, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, of the Immaculate Conception, and of the Dead.

In a word, the compilers have conscientiously endeavored to draw from the holy service books of the Church, as published by the authority of the Councils of Baltimore, from the works of her canonized Saints and approved ascetics and theologians, such prayers and instructions as may meet the wants of the faithful, and render this Manual the full and most complete Catholic Prayer-Book for devotional and family use yet published.

In a material point of view, St. John's Manual has been got up in the best style; printed on paper of the passing fineness, from new type expressly selected, and is adorned with Vignettes designed for and appropriate to the work. The steel engravings, by Muller of Dusseldorf, are of an entirely new character, illustrating the Sacraments and Rites of the Church. The work itself, of which the contents are annexed, is intended not only to furnish a manual of the most approved prayers and devotions for health and sickness, but also to give the offices and ceremonies of the Church, with such explanations as will enable all to follow them.

CONTENTS.

Calendar. Movable Feasts, &c. Summary of Christian Doctrine; of Prayer. Morning Exercise and Prayers. Meditation on Mental Prayer. On Sanctifying Study. Manner of Spending the Day. Evening Exercise and Prayers. Family Prayers for Morning and Evening. Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the week. Instruction on the Holy Sacrioce of the Mass; Prayers before Mass; the Ordinary of the Mass, with full explanations. Prayers at Mass. Devotions for Mass by way of Meditation on the Passion. Mass in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Prayers at Mass for the Dead. Method of Hearing Mass Spiritually, for those who cannot attend actually. Collects, Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holy Days, including the Ceremonies of Holy Week, with explanations of the Festivals and Seasons. Vespers, with full explanation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with Instructions. The Office of Tenebræ. An ample Instruction on the Sacrament of Penance; Preparation and Prayers before Confession; Examination of Conscience; Prayers after Confession; Devotions after Confession. Instructions and Devotions for Holy Communion—Prayers before and after Communion—Prayers for Mass before Communion—Mass of Thanksgiving after Communion; Instruction and Prayers for first Communion. Instruction and Prayers for Confirmation; Order of Confirmation.

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Devotions to the Holy Trinity; Devotions to the Holy Ghost.

Devotions to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord—the Holy Name—the Infant Jesus—the Passion—the Holy Eucharist—the Sacred Heart.

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The Office of the Dead—the Burial Service for Adults and Infants—Prayers for the Faithful Departed.

Manner of receiving Protestants into the Church.

Litanies—of the Saints—of Faith, Hope, Charity. Penance and Thanksgiving, by Pope Pius VI—of the Most Holy Trinity—Infant Jesus—Life of Christ—Passion—Crown of Blessed Sacrament—Sacred Heart of Jesus—Sacred Heart of Mary—Immaculate Conception—Holy Name of Mary—Our Lady of Prompt Succor—Holy Angels—Angel Guardian—St. Joseph—St. Mary Magdalen—St. Patrick—St. Bridget—St. Francis of Assisi—St. Ignatius—St. Francis Xavier—St. Aloysius—St. Stanislaus—St. Teresa—St. Francis de Sales—St. Jane de Chantal—St. Vincent de Paul—St. Alphonsus Liguori—Litany of Providence—of the Faithful Departed—of a Good Intention—of the Will of God—Golden Litany, &c., &c.

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APPROBATION OF THE ORDINARY.

"St. John's Manual," having been duly examined, we hereby approve of its publication.

† JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

New York, Aug. 23, 1856.

ARCHBISHOP BLANC OF NEW ORLEANS.

"St. John's Manual" is, beyond all contradiction, the most complete collection of all that, in the way of prayers and exercises of devotion, we did not know how profitably the public service of the Church in this country, and to nourish private piety and devotion. I shall be most happy if my commendation induce the Catholics of my diocese who speak English to obtain it.

Yours devotedly in Xt.,
† ANTH., Archbishop of New Orleans.

ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

It is an excellent book, and cannot fail to increase sentiments of devotion in those who have it in their possession. May it be circulated among the faithful.

† P. F., Archbishop of Quebec.

BISHOP TIMON OF BUFFALO.

A good manual of prayer is of great advantage to the Catholic people. We, therefore, approve of "St. John's Manual," published by the Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes. At the request of the publishers we cheerfully recommend it to the faithful.

† JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1856.

BISHOP LOUGHLIN OF BROOKLYN.

We most cheerfully recommend the "St. John's Manual," approved by the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes.

† JOHN, Bishop of Brooklyn.
† ANDREW, Bishop of Little Rock.

Brooklyn, Dec. 10, 1856.

BISHOP McCLOSKEY OF ALBANY.

I fully approve of, and recommend the Prayer-Book entitled "St. John's Manual," and published by Dunigan & Brother.

† JOHN, Bishop of Albany.

BISHOP YOUNG OF ERIE.

Your "St. John's Manual" is certainly the most comprehensive and complete Prayer-Book that I have met with in the English language, while its various instructions and devotions seem admirably adapted to guide and, I would hope, stimulate the piety of the faithful. Your enterprise, in bringing it out so neatly and so sumptuously, will, therefore, be a success entirely well deserved, on which I congratulate you.

† J. M. YOUNG, Bishop of Erie.

BISHOP BACON OF PORTLAND.

It is unnecessary to ask my approval of a Prayer-Book presented to the Catholic public with the approbation of our most venerated and beloved Archbishop; I have, however, examined the work since the reception of a copy, and think it most appropriate to the use of the faithful. I offer you my congratulations on your enterprise and zeal, and pray that you may be ever successful and reap a rich harvest in return.

† DAVID W., Bishop of Portland.

BISHOP SPALDING OF LOUISVILLE.

Having examined the Prayer-Book, "The St. John's Manual," lately published by Dunigan & Brother, we take pleasure in uniting with the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, in approving the same, and in recommending it to the faithful of our dioceses.

† MARTIN JOHN SPALDING,
Bishop of Louisville.

BISHOP CONNOLLY OF ST. JOHN.

Your truly splendid "St. John's Manual" is quite equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind I have seen in the old country, and must be, I am sure, all that could suit the taste of the faithful at this side of the Atlantic.

† THOMAS L. CONNOLLY,
Bishop of St. John.

BISHOP HENNI OF MILWAUKEE.

Aside from its truly handsome mechanical execution, well worthy of your firm, "St. John's Manual" is a well-selected and complete compendium of devotion for a great portion of our people. May they profit by your noble endeavor, for such is the wish of

Yours, truly devoted,
† JOHN MARTIN, Bishop of Milwaukee.

Feb. 22, 1857.

BISHOP BOURGET OF MONTREAL.

Having examined a new Prayer Book, entitled "St. John's Manual, published by the house of Dunigan & Brother, New York, we approve of it by these presents, and recommend it to the piety of the faithful.

† IG., Bishop of Montreal.

Montreal, Feb. 27, 1857.

BISHOP DEMERS OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity to add my humble approbation to that already given the "St. John's Manual," by many Archbishops and Bishops of this country. * * * * Among the many works of piety offered to the Catholic community, I have no hesitation in saying that "St. John's Manual" deserves an eminent rank.

† MOD. DEMERS, Bishop of Vancouver's Island.

June, 1857.

BISHOP MILES OF NASHVILLE.

I highly approve of the "St. John's Manual," and recommend it to the Catholics of my Diocese, and all others of the United States.

† RICHARD PIUS MILES, Bishop of Nashville.

Nashville, March 4, 1857.

BISHOP MARTIN OF NATCHITOCHES.

I already knew this excellent book from the unanimous commendation of our Catholic papers, but I must acknowledge I had no correct idea of its high merit and value.

"St. John's Manual" is certainly, in every respect, superior to any Prayer Book ever published in this country, nor do I know of any one in Europe so complete in what is usual, and so rich in precious selections.

Receive my share of gratitude, as a Bishop, for your persevering endeavors to make yourself useful to our Holy Church.

† AUG., Bishop of Natchitoches.

Nachitoches, March 5, 1857.

BISHOP LAROCQUE OF CYDONIA.

"St. John's Manual" having been carefully examined by his Grace, the Archbishop of New York, I cannot but have every confidence in its perfect orthodoxy. The approbation which you ask of me can refer only to its utility. In this respect, I do but simple justice in awarding my praise to the judicious and pious discernment with which the author has compiled the many prayers and instructions condensed in this collection. May "St. John's Manual" find its way to every family; it will meet every want, and satisfy every desire as a book of devotion.

† JOS., Bishop of Cydonia.

St. Hyacinthe, March 9, 1857.

BISHOP McGILL OF RICHMOND.

An examination of the table of contents, and the general plan of your new Prayer Book, the "St. John's Manual," satisfies me that it is a very useful and elegant book of devotion. It seems to be at once comprehensive and complete, containing valuable instructions concerning the sacraments and other matters of Christian practice, and offering most beautiful prayers and appropriate exercises for the different devotions and pious associations, which the Church approves as aids to a spiritual life.

† JOHN McGILL, Bishop of Richmond.

BISHOP BLANCHET OF NESQUALY.

The approbation of the Most Archbishop of New York is, doubtless, sufficient to attest the usefulness and value of "St. John's Manual." Yet I cannot withhold my humble approbation, which I willingly add to that of the illustrious prelate.

† AUGUSTINE M. AL., Bishop of Nesqualy.

Washington Territory, May 21, 1857.

BISHOP BARAGA OF SAUT SAINTE MARIE.

After a due examination of "St. John's Manual," published by Messrs. Ed. Dunigan & Brother, (James B. Kirker) New York, I find that it is the most complete and perfect Prayer Book that ever has come to my knowledge, not only in English, but also in several other languages. It is a new proof of the old assertion, that the Catholic community of the United States are under great obligations to Dunigan & Brother's old publishing establishment for the compilation and publication of useful Catholic works.

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